

WHAT LONELINESS IS ALL ABOUT  
by Bob Smith / TWO NEW YORK  
COMPOSERS: INTERVIEWS WITH BEN  
WEBER AND LUCIA DLUGOSZEWSKI  
with scores / WILLIAM BURROUGHS:  
WALDEN REVISITED / LEN LYE:  
ARTIST OF MOTION / THE CAGE:  
A Play by Paul Zindel / A LITTLE  
ANTHOLOGY OF WAGNER POETS with  
Commentary by Daisy Aldan / THREE  
NEGLECTED PAINTERS: CLIFFORD  
WRIGHT, ELIZABETH SPARHAWK-  
JONES, ALICE NEEL / ELEUSIS: A First  
English Translation of a poem to Hölderlin  
by Hegel / WHY JOHNNY'S TEACHER  
CAN'T TEACH by Angelica Farfalla /  
THREE YOUNG POETS: KENWARD  
ELMSLIE, WILLIAM GODDEN, MARK  
McCLOSKEY / REVIEWS OF CORSO AND  
NEW FOLDER / THE GINSEY REPORT:  
Correspondence on the Beats.

# WAGNER LITERARY MAGAZINE



MEMBERS OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES  
ARE PLEASED TO ASSIST  
THE YOUNG WRITERS OF WAGNER COLLEGE  
IN BRINGING OUT THIS MAGAZINE



# WAGNER LITERARY MAGAZINE

WHAT LONELINESS IS ALL ABOUT/Bob Smith	1
SOME THOUGHTS INDUCED BY A LITTLE ANTHOLOGY OF WAGNER POETS/Daisy Aldan	8
A LITTLE ANTHOLOGY OF WAGNER POETS	12
THREE YOUNG POETS: KENWARD ELMSLIE, WILLIAM GODDEN, MARK McCLOSKEY/Paul Zindel	31
THREE NEGLECTED PAINTERS /George Semsel	42
WILLIAM BURROUGHS: WALDEN REVISITED/ Arthur Flynn	47
WHY JOHNNY'S TEACHER CAN'T TEACH/ Angelica Farfalla	53
LEN LYE: ARTIST OF MOTION/Mark McCloskey	64
TWO NEW YORK COMPOSERS/Luther Route, John Kirsh	67
ELEUSIS: GEORGE FRIEDRICH HEGEL Translated by Bert Koetter	79
THE CAGE/Paul Zindel	83
REVIEW OF THE BIRTHDAY OF DEATH	97
REVIEW OF NEW FOLDER	99
GINSEY REPORT	104

---

Editor: Walter O'Connell • Assistant Editor: Bert Koetter •  
Business Manager: Michael Sheier • Associate Editors: Barbara Korker/  
Carole Walter / Lloyd Sherman / Alice Thorpe / Charles Johannen /  
Gilbert Raposa / Donald Stewart / Daniel Hays / Jerry Valley •  
Faculty Advisor: Willard Maas • Designer: Jean Cunningham •  
Published by the Student Association of Wagner College, Staten Island,  
New York • Copyright 1960 by WAGNER LITERARY MAGAZINE

## PATRONS

Edwin Bakerman

Roberta Weissglass

Harold C. Norman

Alpha Phi Omega

Mary Williams

Aurelia Scott

Henrietta Goldberg

Marie Menken

## WHAT LONELINESS IS ALL ABOUT / Bob Smith

Sitting in O'Henry's and looking out at Sixth Ave., I remembered again what loneliness is all about. Not long after I said, "One please," the feeling that comes when you sit and look across a table and only see your trenchcoat returned. There was really nothing to see here anymore. The beer steins hanging on meat hooks, the waiters wearing straw hats, were a bore after you'd seen them once. I'd seen people pull out matches to read the menu under the flickering gaslight before, but I smiled just the same when the fat man at the corner table did it. So I sat and waited to see the blondes who always came in with bald men.

Two arrived with one man and they all grinned at the quaintness of the place. Another came in with her little bald man whose head shone a little even in the dim light. A fourth blonde came in alone, grinned, and asked the head waiter where the ladies' room was. I ate half a roll.

A now empty ale glass kept me company as I heard a man at the bar announce that he would have the word "god" stricken from the language. Take away the word, and the thing ceases to be, seemed to be his illogical argument. So I eliminated the word "alone" from my vocabulary. Nothing happened. What the hell, I'll take a chance on just about anything. The man who didn't like the word "god," but had to keep using it to deny its existence, seemed to start every sentence with, "Now, you say that . . ." as he spoke to his friend who was sitting at the next stool. But friend never said a word.

My \$5.50 sirloin and baked potato were delivered and I began

cutting and buttering. For some reason, they didn't taste as good as when someone asks you from the other side of the chopping block table, "How's your steak?" When I was almost finished, I remembered an expression about, the closer the bone, the sweeter the meat, which must have referred to something else because it only got hard to cut.

I sat waiting for someone to take my bone away and things picked up. Another blonde, this one with a man who just had a high forehead, sat at the table on my right. The waiter asked if they would like a cocktail, and all the guy wanted to know was how much the waiter wanted for his hat. Very funny. It wasn't for sale so they settled for two Lowenbrau. Blondie finally got around to taking off her coat. She had fat breasts.

A party of six burst through the door laughing; a night in the Village was just one big joke for them. They lined the bar while waiting for tables and ordered Manhattans and Screwdrivers and other dollar-a-throw drinks. They never stopped laughing. The place really broke them up.

But the Lowenbrau drinkers won my attention again. She said, "It's interesting here, I like it." He stared at me. I didn't know I was fitting in so well with the atmosphere. He held his stein like a character from some light opera. You know, real Heidelbergish, with the handle facing away from him and his hand wrapped around the glass. She held hers like a girl. When the salad came, she snatched a piece of lettuce that was hanging over the side of the bowl and popped it into her mouth, while her look said, "That's o.k., DOWN HERE."

Behind me a woman said, "They're starting to use those at home for outside lights." She was pointing at the gaslights. I wondered where home was for her and her husband. Brooklyn? Mamaroneck? Pittsburgh? Omaha? My home was a couple of blocks away, but somehow they seemed closer to theirs — wherever it might be.

I burned my mouth three times on my dessert because no one



was across the table to remind me how hot apple pie (with cheese) really is. Sipping my coffee, I turned back to the student prince and his wench. They were having lamb chops. She paused between bits and said, "This is our first dinner together." He leaned back.

"Must you engage in sloppy sentimentality?"

"I wasn't being sentimental, just affectionate," she answered.

"My god," he said, "just a little while ago, when I tried to put my . . .," his voice was muffled by the glass he raised to his lips. She went back to her lamb chops.

Nobody said "Good evening" when I left. I was glad they kept quiet. It was a rotten one.

Walking up West 4th Street, I hoped it would snow. Then maybe I could be a little boy again and run home to shine the runners of my sleigh until they glistened like icicles. I could put on my mittens and galoshes and go out and build a snowman, just as I had done years before, when the Santa Claus in Macy's was the only real one and chocolate pudding out of the pot tasted better than any steak. Those were the days when wartime was almost ready to surrender to peace, though there was still a time in school for pasting stamps with a minute-man on them, and my cousin showed me how he had followed the campaigns on the map in his Funk and Wagnall's Dictionary.

As I walked past a rain-worn poster for a classical play from India, I remembered how my girl cousin used to read to us from long letters she got from her husband who was fighting in the China-Burma-India theatre of operations. And it was always winter.

I'm always reading how summer is the time for kids. For me, it was a time to sit alone on the curb and sail sticks in the gutter after a thunderstorm, and pull skin off my sunburned arms. Or maybe I'd go up the street to play with the big boys. I always lost at their games and then stood up against a fence while they threw a pink ball at my back. Summer was the time when other kids went to camp,

or the beach, or the mountains with their parents. When my father got his two-week vacation, we went to Coney Island — sometimes. And the radiator on the car always overheated.

It was on Sunday nights in winter that I learned the songs people always sing when they're coming home from some happy place. My father, my mother, my cousin whose husband wasn't there, and I sang songs like "Moonlight Bay" and "Down by the Old Mill Stream." I knew the words by heart, just like I knew the words of a poem about a light bulb written by an electric company. We were driving home, after hearing on the radio how Lamont Cranston clouded men's minds so they could not see him.

When we got home and the car was put away, my father and I would walk up the driveway, look up at the cloudless winter sky, and try to find my star, George. In the house, my father'd hang my coat in the closet and his on the bannister post and pull his hat with the ear-laps on top so they'd be ready when he went to work. Then we'd climb the stairs and he'd kiss me good-night before I balled myself up under a red quilt with a big, round picture of Grover Cleveland in the middle.

I don't know where that quilt is now. Maybe it's folded neatly with camphor balls stuck in the creases and tucked away in a cedar chest. Or maybe some little kid is crawling under it and saying his prayers and saying good-night to somebody. But it's gone forever as far as I'm concerned.

My walk had taken me to West 10th Street and Julius'. I could smell the hamburger cooking and, since it was mingled with the aroma of beer, how could I resist going in? Back to reality.

Two girls, both about twenty, were sitting near the door and, of course, drinking beer. They both had filter cigarettes going. (The better to save your lungs from cancer, my dear.) They were trying very hard to act as if they were regulars here but their eyes gave them away. It wasn't that they were wide in amazement, but they



moved around the room quickly and were turned to the door every time it opened. Never can tell when a beatnik will come in.

I stood at the bar with my drink and watched them. They hardly gave me a second glance. After all, even if I was a Bohemian Villager, I couldn't very well handle two girls. That was the way their thoughts were going. Instead, they ganced regularly at the two guys who were sitting on my left. In a way, the four of them really belonged together.

These two guys were in their early thirties and were tourists from uptown. They betrayed the fact through the bits of conversation I overheard. They were eyeing the two chicks the way a white missionary who had spent five years in the jungle with black savages would look at another white man. They were the same kind! These guys weren't interested in any of that unwashed Village stuff, though they thought they were. What they wanted was a good, clean, short-haired, manicured, red-lipped, brassiered broad from the Bronx. They had found what they were looking for.

Between beers, the near-drunk's friend, Harry I think his name was, decided he had to make a phone call.

"Keep your eye on them. Got to call the wife and tell her I'm going to stay in town with you. Hope I don't wake the kid."

The Kid! The Kid! The Kid!

I left my drink and ran out into the street. Where are the kids? It's only eight o'clock. Why aren't they playing stick ball, or kick-the-can, or ringaleerio? Maybe they're over on Sixth Avenue flying their kites.

Not a kid in sight on the Avenue of the Americas. Not a kite either. Has there ever been a kid on the island of Manhattan with a kite? I mean flying a kite. It should be the best place in the world for kite-flying. There's not a telephone wire hanging anywhere for a kite to get hung up on. Maybe that's why nobody flies kites. Kids are always getting kites caught in the wires in movies and comic

strips. You can't really have lived through kidhood without getting a kite hung up somewhere and then looking up at it every day when you go to school and hope the wind will blow it down before it breaks and rips.

I never had a kite caught in my life. I've had plenty of kites, buddy — red kites, and blue kites, and kites with long tails made out of old pajamas, and kites without tails, and box kites that my father couldn't put together. Never a one caught in the telephone wires. It was always some other kid's kite that I saw dangling through the wires on my way to school. Of course at the time, I was proud of my kite-flying record and the fact that one of them never got tangled up on anything. I'd get that old kite up there flying and dancing around, hoping it would never come down. I'd try to get it up higher so maybe it would reach a cloud, but I always ran out of string, or time, or patience. Then down it would come — CRASH! But there were no kids flying kites on Sixth Avenue. Maybe some of them were still in the park.

The park was empty, except for a cop who was slowly walking around the fountain. Maybe the kids were in the playground, playing in the sandbox, or sliding down the slides, or riding the swings. I ran to the playground.

The swings were just hanging there, moving a little with the breeze. The slide was cold. A kid's bottom hadn't slid down it for a long time. I jumped into the sandbox. The sand was damp and lumpy, like it is at the beach after a rain. I crawled around looking for a kid, any kid, but all I found was a toy tractor wheel. I lay down in the sand and cried.

I don't know how long I lay there, but when I got up it was winter. I could see the snow falling when I looked up through the trees to the light in the corner of the playground. My breathing was the only sound I could hear.

I walked as slowly and as softly as I could out of the sandbox,

out of the playground. When I reached the path, I could see no footprints in the snow. The silence hurt my ears, but I couldn't make any noise. I just couldn't. No buses were turning around by the arch. No cars were moving on the streets.

When I was almost to the arch, I stopped. I thought I saw two people standing next to it. I started walking again, now on my tip-toes. In a couple of seconds I was standing next to them. It was a man and a woman. They were kissing. They were naked. On the ground where they were standing there was no snow. It was bare and dry. I started to reach out to touch them. Their kiss ended and the woman turned her head toward me. She smiled.



## SOME THOUGHTS INDUCED BY A LITTLE ANTHOLOGY OF WAGNER POETS / Daisy Aldan

A reading of the poetry of the students at Wagner College makes one realize a progression — the progression of the river of artistic innovation through time, feeding various tributaries until these remote thrusts become part of the main stream of literary consciousness. We become aware that such progression has now occurred, and we are on the verge of great innovations.

These student-poets, without themselves realizing it, are the heirs, thrice removed, of Mallarmé and other great forerunners of the contemporary movement. It is they he was referring to in his prophetic and intuitive work, *Un Coup de Dés*, when he wrote: "legs en la disparition à quelqu'un ambigu/lu'ltérieur démon immemorial." The heirs are neither as great nor as powerful as the *Master*, but they demonstrate that he has changed reality and consciousness, and they now prepare the way for the new Genius.

They are "thrice-removed" because they are not the direct literary descendants of Mallarmé, Baudelaire, Rimbaud, Lautrémont, Poe, Apollinaire, Whitman, etc., but of the *Beats*, who are second-removed descendants. These latter, whose works are filled with ineptness and carelessness, and misunderstandings concerning the achievements and teachings of their predecessors and teachers, nevertheless have done poetry and language an enormous service. They have succeeded in releasing the marvelous creative flow in those younger than themselves, have broken rigid banks and cleared the way for the free rush of the river which waters aridities.

Now we see that students such as these at Wagner are becoming teachers of their teachers, and this is refreshing. *They* are forcing

their elders to enlarge a literary vision. It is they who are teaching the scholars what "communication" really means — not merely setting forth organized logical ideas derived from an artificially contrived outline, and which follows the arbitrary rules of usage and punctuation, not merely learning to express the expository, but also learning to communicate the aesthetic experience which often gains its power from the rupturing of logic.

What are some of the understandings and literary techniques of which they are becoming indirectly conscious and which reveal themselves in the poems assembled here: technological and other scientific discoveries which opened new frontiers and concepts of space and time; investigations in psychiatry and psychology; the use of illogicality; automatism and accident in creative expression; changes in traditional structure, syntax and punctuation; the incorporation of the absurd; art as a modification, not as a reproduction; the use of clichés; derangement of the senses (Rimbaud); use of taboo subjects and words; psychic reality rather than naturalism; use of a new type of metaphor which consists not in analogy but in contradiction; deformity, and so on. In one way or another, almost all the poems assembled here evidence one or more of these "contemporary" techniques.

Poems like Jerry Valley's '*Ma Bailey and Hollyhocks*', George Semsel's *A Christmas Lost* and Gerard Malanga's *Cyclist* show a surprising sophistication. Lines like the following, taken from Valley's poems show originality and an integration of understanding which bode well for this poet's future:

"I fell in love  
with Sonny Fitts  
and her hair  
glowed in the  
fizzed water  
container,"

"now that  
she has  
gone  
from  
fawn to young  
dearress . . ."

George Semsel's *A Christmas Lost* is perhaps the most intense and well wrought of all. It reveals an unusual talent. Semsel has an ear for words and how they relate to each other. Breton, one of our great contemporaries, has stated that all poets must study the words themselves, the reaction of words to each other, the appearance of words and the effect of figurative meaning on the literal. Semsel instinctively understands this. Such discipline has been neglected by some "Beats", and has made them inferior to those they emulate.

Lines like:

"Down bare the white-breasted dancers behold  
the sky-down-cast clown and rush true  
through weeds brown . . ."

bear out what is meant. Echoes of Hopkins (or Thomas), yes, but the young may be excused for echoing greatness.

Nina Wagner's *The Middle Rail Is Hot* needs pruning; nevertheless it shows ability and projects emotion intensely — a difficult feat:

"and there was no need for further  
and yet there was so much to"

is originally suggestive and skillful; or suddenly:

"The quick spirit of the child is lost when we stop to catch it  
We only see it in their faces and through their new innocence . . ."

The work of seventeen-year-old Gerard Malanga shows an unusual, spontaneous talent for recording emotions. Not always smooth and perfected, and comprising several styles, the poems of this very young poet show that he is still searching for an identifying note, but this is desirable at this stage. His best poems are



*Metamorphosis of a Butterfly* which echoes Hopkins but which nevertheless successfully combines word, sound, form and subject-matter into a satisfying whole, and the delightful *Cyclist* which is fresh and easy. *Letter to You in Nice* is somewhat wordy, but lines like:

"I'll give it a thousand years to dream into dust,"

"You grew me up, a poet attending to all poems"  
startle one into attention.

If Donald Stewart's poems are not the strongest in the group, they do have a contemporary flavor, which makes one wish that his experiments will be continued:

"An I.T. and T. triple split, a new Mercedes,  
a dream, a motive for a push,  
hoping to take the escalator up  
rather than the I.R.T. Downtown."

Apollinaire in *The Pretty Redhead* bade the reader to allow the pioneers of new fires, new colors and new phantasms to work on "the frontiers of the limitless" and produce a new reality. With poet-teachers such as Willard Maas and others at Wagner, students fortunately are having the opportunity to make these explorations. Thus they define the relationship between art and freedom — the right of the individual to express his unique vision in his search for identity, in opposition to proscribed art of totalitarian states.

Breton said his purpose was to "put language in a state of effervescence." The young Wagner poets indicate that this is occurring. They lead us to ask, with excitement: What marvelous new territories in language and poetry lie before us? What young poet of today will illuminate the undiscovered?

## A LITTLE ANTHOLOGY OF WAGNER POETS

George Semsel

*A Christmas Lost*

Once it was a maid  
who raced holding hands with me  
to the edge of the sea:  
Where is she now?

Down bare the white-breasted dancers behold  
the sky-down-cast clown and rush true  
through weeds brown and under the porch  
the wagon of rust wheels and a hat from  
days an attic smelled ancient and the roofs  
to the sea never failed in winters of  
mud-seasoned shoes and men.

The steel bridge lies close  
where I kept boats at night in fun  
and look: Her eyes are the sighs of God.

Over the brook yet seeking a dawn and ducks  
the time a fortress crept on her banks and  
shrill horses the courses of love lay near to  
lick the apple I stole and wept for grey houses  
which all looked alike in the moon when I  
prayed by my bed to hear a tramp sing in a  
star.

The sky rent down a fish my room  
a clock a cock a Japanese book:  
She shouts her voice I touch.

And the nil urge of years spent a freckle a wart on the  
knee a frown and a grandma and a grandma's chair and a  
tree and a box and father was there and we sang in Slovak  
to cry for the dead and under the tree a new book to be  
read and later that night we sang in the church the ele-  
phant tucked 'neath my arm gave a lurch the sound of  
Aunt Clara who played all the hymns of red skirted ladies  
of practical whims the preacher the angel the star and  
me rained to the heavens and heard in return the crunchle  
of snow-willies under my shoe.

Caught seasoned as marshmallows over a fence  
dance mild be angels be him be all:  
She is gone alas but taste — hear —  
Weeping there is and the coals of a poem.

### *You Hang In My Heart*

#### 1.

I was in the field  
the milkweed looked  
like iron and there was  
an old shack kept  
by a painter  
  
poor Betsy  
she caught a burr in her  
pony tail  
Fredrick picked ragweed  
Pat blushed golden rod



Jean eyed bittersweet  
Larry drank the world  
How droll the autumn!

2.

I have idolized you  
you hang in my heart  
and not by the head  
if you please  
  
still I love Jean  
oh horrors she loves me not  
at night she leaves me alone  
  
so I sing to keep  
the walls there  
and look at times at  
the idol in my heart  
  
and never show  
the idol to Jean  
whom I love of course  
(as I said)  
  
alas I must love her  
who mocks with eyes  
and books never to find  
a chance look toward me  
  
selfish as I am.

3.

Humph said the mockingbird  
under my pillow  
I shall go forth and great things  
shall come to the world  
so I lay on my other side

to blindfold Teddy's snoring  
go easy man he said  
or I shall sing for years  
and sleep shall never conquer  
again despite the eyes  
of Jean (or Ides)

but luckily for me the  
pillow is thick and I could  
squelch the bird before  
he respoke.

*I Knelt That Seaway Path*

Peering down  
the quivering weightlessness of love  
the feel beyond a sea touched low  
the gulled wing flashing  
now along the whiteness there  
to kiss the heaving therein held,

Floating on a wave  
to see the sky down below the  
crying the love which  
now implants upon the brazen cheek  
the kiss transplanted as a  
dream kept shouting;

I knelt that seaway path  
withdrew beside the undersand cliff  
in paleness cursing the forestry bed  
enchanted above the river surging  
I wept at last  
to see the prisoned haunt  
beneath the mountain that is mine.

*Ma Bailey's And Hollyhocks*

1.

Down to Ma Bailey's  
soda house,  
past the Bank, around  
the corner  
from Dot  
and Lloyd's

she came running  
in, I watched her  
from  
behind

I fell in love  
with Sonny Fitts  
and her hair  
glowed in the  
fizzed water  
container

another fox  
runs in one  
day, her teeth  
were as white  
as vanilla  
cream,  
her breasts bounced  
like dips of  
strawberry  
on a coke  
float



just one am I;  
down to Ma Bailey's  
her breasts heaved  
under her T-shirt  
I fell in love.

2.

Won't you come  
and see  
an early May of  
spring  
that no Dante  
has ever seen;  
magnolia blossoms  
sailing paper planes  
of scents  
of Marjorie  
with darting stems  
of paradise  
  
won't you come  
and see  
my petal-strewn pillow  
of  
love;  
just one flower  
venus tree  
to bring me delight  
  
won't you come  
and see  
where I sing  
and still rasp the shrill-rose tone  
of Shelley glee;

won't you come  
and build  
a tree-play-house  
for this love  
of  
mine?

3.

just a few  
whispers old am I  
and  
the moon is cold  
and it's all  
wrapped and tied  
with  
your hair  
from the withered  
pajamas  
and covered  
pink-lady-glasses  
come the voices  
of you

just a few  
whispers old am I  
as the evening moon  
starts  
to rise.

4.

fawned  
out  
between  
nudges  
of deer-fun

on the day she  
was born  
the daffodil  
kissed  
the rabbit-sniff

now that  
she has  
gone  
from  
fawn to young  
dearress  
the  
wild flowers  
nudge the  
hollyhocks  
who are  
blossoming  
too

*Duck Candy And Chocolate Truffles*

1.

birds  
need  
cows  
humans  
need  
bowls  
of  
bitters  
  
walter  
wrote  
melodies

of  
sandwiches  
with  
notes  
of  
pickles

so  
like  
i  
say  
humans  
need  
bowls  
of  
bitters

2.

black hagen  
needs  
a  
toboggan  
to run  
to  
the grocery  
store for  
marshmallows

willy hagen  
needs  
ash trays  
to  
run  
his



water faucet  
in the  
dungeon of the  
center  
of YWCA  
because  
he  
needs to wash  
his eye because  
there is  
chocolate  
brandy  
in  
it

3.

face  
the wall  
of the dead  
but be gentle  
because  
it is expected  
of  
youse  
to  
cry  
an  
ocean  
of  
ping pong  
and  
soccer balls  
for  
the fans.

*Three Poems To Swing*

1 — *Joni Jones On The Moon*

Oxfords and bobby sox to  
pin-nailed pavement catchers.  
Chinos and loafers to Palm Beach vines  
and Florsheims on the Park Avenue front,  
where you trip over poodles  
and you push a button for the elevator  
and the bellboy smiles for his tip.  
An I.T. and T. triple split, a new Mercedes,  
a dream, a motive for a push,  
hoping to take the escalator up  
rather than the IRT Downtown.  
Jet planes of today missed by yesterday,  
and tomorrow newhome planets  
in pot dreams of cadets at the Space Academy.  
On the moon you have Scotch at the Five Star  
with Joni Jones singing "The Earth Star upon a Saturn  
Ring."

2 — *Gabriel Say*

The red-yellow lake streams  
through the blue-grey forest  
of the sky.  
It is warm and sultry  
and you sweat,  
then  
your milkyway  
of drunken dreams  
is seduced by a double Scotch

on the rocks.  
You listen  
and you swing with Basin Street,  
and,  
when Symphony Syd leaves the air  
you hit  
WPAT  
and the cannons of the Fifth  
echo  
and you're the target.  
The car hits a hundred  
and still you know  
you can't escape the cannon ball.  
"You has the blues, Buddy,"  
once said  
a tanned man with a big brass horn.  
You remember him  
as your lips curl  
as once before.  
Yes,  
even missed the trestle.

3 — *Dance Night*

Venus in white evening dress,  
wearing rose-encircled gardenias —  
the falling sun blessing the sea.

The blue sky  
embroidered with silver lights —  
Jonah sparking on the back speaker.

The rocket 98 looking to the future  
and then descending to the Country Club  
where whiskey sours are sweet

and golden hair with blue lights  
make a "blend of the Western Sky."  
Smiles and laughs,  
glaciers of dripping candle wax,  
a dance, a wink —  
the white teeth of Johnny at the keyboard:  
"Star Dust" for a dip  
and then "Night Train" for a strip.  
Swinging and singing,  
clinking, white dinner jackets, cocktails —  
all is behind  
and the breeze blows through the sky.  
Relaxation from "Summer Time"  
and a sweet memory as  
the blue world opens an eye.

GERARD MALANGA

*The Cyclist*

I seem to get that same recurrent  
vision in my sleep, that lulls in  
mind your face montaged in gossamer  
spokes, flying, pumping through wind.  
WE ride together on noiseless wheels  
along narrow road. Trees hung arch-like  
creak, bend, sway, sigh. I look up and  
gaze, catching a glimpse of vast blue  
sky through distorted angles of mute  
fingers creating laced patterns on our  
faces and shoulders as sunlight speckled  
down . . . and as whispering aisles of  
wayside flowers glide by, summer is



starting to bleed autumn's foliage blood.  
Riding on Gothic tiles, WE race fast  
together to azure heavens . . .  
and here my dream is split by the rising  
sun. Never reaching our destination, the  
battlemented waves and stretches of Tobay  
shore.

*Metamorphosis of a Butterfly*

A majestic mourning-cloak  
butterfly crest-cleaving,  
cloved its wing-wandering,  
wind-whirling, wrinkled  
wings, comes out of a moth-  
eaten mouth of a poem, its  
winter hibernicism. Bursting  
its braced boughs of gauze-  
like gossamer floating film-  
form cobwebs on blueboughs,  
it becomes tissue-winged,  
silk-swirling and glow-glittering  
like autumnal flying leaves.  
Then we call it butterfly.  
There are walls of words  
that cry, but one metaphor, ring-  
spotted, dances, flutter-flutters and  
makes lilty love to flimsy  
flowers in sun-showered meadows.  
The napkin-winged butterfly.

*Letter to You in Nice*

Wouldn't it be nice to find a castle on an island or  
somewhere in Europe?

I think it would be nice to find a castle as a token  
of my devotion.  
We would clean out the dungeons, decorate the wall  
with tapestries  
and weapons, or maybe not. Maybe hang non-objective  
paintings over cracked walls,  
and paint the castle white. I'll leave the decorating  
up to you.  
I'll give it a thousand years to dream into dust.  
I could vision you at the top of the steps, draped  
in Tillet textiles  
like some abstract color mural,  
all eyes magnetized on the sculptured Parisian face.  
But for now I'll speak of summer in poetic letters;  
of painting  
your apartment and cleaning out the closets.  
It must have been nice to stretch your tired limbs out  
on the sun—  
warm sand at Kenward's private beach where you played  
tic-tac-toe  
with rhymed beat poems for fun.  
If the furniture is scanty, but probably substantial,  
Paul and I  
will redecorate, while you mingle with the press of  
European  
crowds and parties, or maybe pass, I doubt, half-bare  
children  
by a public fountain on a motor-scooter?  
Now we cast a backward glance on all the fun we had:  
The Big Loyalty

Day Party, arranging the art exhibition, the reading at  
Donnell, going to the post office, typing letters,  
after-class  
conversations, that "Garbo" laugh, the mix-up with  
the printer,  
the hilarious gossips, the yearbook headache, the  
phone calls  
just to hear your voice, Serendipity's with Leon,  
the Easter Basket,  
hearing news about Hammond's folly, the Countess,  
at the ballet  
meeting your mother, and the black door I never  
entered.

You grew me up, a poet attending to all poems.  
Later we'll  
have coffee at your Society, or travel  
throughout Europe in my little foreign sports car,  
or make  
experimental movies with Willard and publish  
anthologies,  
or attend some avant-garde evening at the Living Theatre.  
I'll let you know if I complete my dream and make  
the faithful  
pilgrimage to the particular landmark that was yours,  
I mean the  
shore without your presence.  
I guess the apartment will do for now.  
The castle can come later.  
Soon poems will be everywhere.  
I'll let you know the outcome,

*The Middle Rail Is Hot*

Once upon a time  
there were three bears  
the wine was cold and the heart-warm tongue free  
the sound permeated the room with the odor of turpentine  
the banjo man with three fingers swung  
like I mean it was a weird scene  
a desert and even the sands were cold.

Words and thoughts carry on carry out that funky thought  
with the dispersed waters of hell  
ran the bare-footed gnome  
heedless and happy of spring  
from the steel of a banjo  
fell a drop of blood  
and this was love      she yellow went the moon  
the moon      moon was down .

What is why  
and he spoke softly saying that there were words  
that could not contain thoughts and yet they knew and  
understood  
and smiled  
and there was no need for further  
and yet there was so much to  
and yet their minds reached slowly out  
asking more and wishing it could be  
and maybe it would      the hot middle rail.

There were many paintings      so many paintings  
eye-songs of color that make questions like who is  
the soul behind and how quick this heart is  
and is he kind child-like and full of love



who are you      dead voice echoes but no answer  
The quick spirit of the child is lost when we stop  
    to catch it  
we only see it in their faces and through their new  
innocence but understanding carries through the slow  
    word and  
we see more than letters but a face feeling loveliness  
    that is beauty  
is through innocence that we are human  
when one denies his innocence he is denying his humanity  
eyes    yes    through eyes    yes    innocent  
we see at rare moments what is there  
and the moments are less rare when two are one  
  
And then a quick brown boy fell over this chick  
but her body was of clay and it melted in his mouth not  
    in his hands  
he dreamed      his mouth went dry      and the cold cut in  
over the oceansea but his love had gone dissolved in  
    himself  
and they were a real relationship  
  
It hadn't snowed yet  
when suddenly a chorale of vestal virgins  
appeared on a junkstuff of things  
when the sun rose  
and there was this corner where in the light these cats  
were pulling deeply on those hot cigarettes that made  
    new ideas

US

when the door opened we saw that the vestals were chasing  
those cats into the bedroom looking for tomorrow    a

soul  
towels      nicotinedstained fingers  
and he said life was too much  
man and woman give to each other and take from each other  
but who wins in love  
beat means two for us in a pile  
all of me is only half of what I understand  
truth has three greetings      a woman a man and an act.  
  
The rumpled sheets were bloody only a little and they  
                 were the reason  
but they ran out somewhere else for more  
we only had a nickle between us but we made it  
they enjoyed the double feature      then she said  
                 "Got your wallet?"  
The moon was low for a quick change but the grave stones  
still lay silent  
the hot middle rail is the dark alley where real  
                 people die.

### THREE YOUNG POETS / Paul Zindel

The poet is free to speak madly about anything that exists. But it is said that freedom consists in responsibility which is noble in-so-far as it is directly a moral concern. What is morality but the norm of a man's spiritual conduct? The artist is not concerned so much with the norm (which may be viewed as instinctive or artificial) as the idea of conduct itself, the conduct of anything with regard to his eye and heart, conduct which with its "human" implications involves the idea of drama.

The poet's freedom consists in the range of his creative instincts; his responsibility consists in his being true to what he feels. And he is free to speak in the manner he desires, which, as history has demonstrated, is invariably musical and in a fundamental sense personal: he always starts with the mad music in his *own* heart. It is useless to affirm a formal program of experience and execution for him: he will write about what he feels when he wants to. His skill (which means the ability to fuse the abstract with the concrete, the feeling with the word) improves as he makes use again and again of his media. The use of these media is as eternally variable as one man is from another: we must judge the merits of a poetic work according to the personal honesty of its author who must find by trial and error how he is best to express *himself* in the matter of those universal themes from which no man is separated and from which all poems begin. For theme is feeling, and what is seen and heard entices response, or what is first inward as brute emotion allies itself through the finely sensitive body of the poet with what is external

and as plastic as imagination would have it.

To hell with tyrants, with those who would split the heroic from the personal, the poem from the feeling! Simplicity is none other than integrity: a flower is no simpler than a gutter, a unicorn is as true as an oak tree, loneliness is as honorable as friendship. The individual poet is not to be forced into what he is not as a stylist, nor dismissed for the totally personal accuracy of his vision. If his work lacks the ability to communicate incisively with his contemporaries, it simply means that either he is not a poet or that he has failed to open his eyes to the present. Forgive him the sin but never take the laurels from his head — you who did not put it there!

Fortunately the three poets under consideration know what must be done, and knowing it are not afraid to be true to their visions, each in his own way — McCloskey forever looking sadly behind, Elmslie concerned with the beauty and ugliness his travels have revealed and the garbled rhythms his knowledge of music has discovered in the lost world about him, Godden bitter and precocious in surroundings that refuse to accept his love — and all three of them young, new, promising a kind of Romantic leadership for those whom the loss of individuality and drama in much contemporary poetry has made aimless and sad. But the promise signifies the loneliness of these poets; and though this is what they must be it is not a disease but rather a virtue. For when the poet is lonely he writes his most beautiful work, and the most beautiful poems are personal because they cannot be valid away from the heart of the poet who bore them. Was not even Eliot a Romantic in this way when he walked under the streetlights of the deserted city, and Auden when he visited the grave of Henry James; Dante on the insurmountable hill, Milton in the tower beside the sea? And they were very young, these poets, as well as those here, when they were lonely and in love with their own voices, for only youth can be so. Kenward Elmslie, William Godden and Mark McCloskey, and the new young poets like them,



may as well be dead, for their unfashionable youth will not suffer them to live honorably or long where the labyrinth is supreme. If they want to live as sibyls they must grow old and complicated; if they want to be immortal they must either become saints or die. But we only know Shelley as a fairytale sold for a reasonable price in a Greenwich Village bookstore; Keats' tuberculosis is a joke today; poetry is a footnote. Death, I say, is tiresome now, and I am afraid that unless the very personal disasters of youth keep recurring in their hearts Elmslie will prefer to sneer, Godden to hate, McCloskey to justify the loss of his hair. Often the shriek replaces the song in the shell, and the voice becomes the labyrinth the heart has become out of spite. It is good to know then these three poets as they are, or were, in youth — lonely, childlike and desperate.

I once saw Kenward Elmslie recite his poetry. I thought, "That kid! Where did they get that kid?" He seemed very tired and shy behind his glasses, and out of place, as if he had ventured out for a brief excruciating time from a basement room, his country of solitude and epiphany. But his poems said gently that his eyes were sharp, his vision ample. He is a satirist in a personal sense by being nailed to the wall (or the sky) by what he sees. The sky is better because the moon is there like a great mirror in which the sad people who reject the beauty the world would offer are reflected. But loneliness, after all, asks if the world is beautiful. Is it, can it when what is as old as seagulls and oceans, the moon and the plum, is catalogued and thereby made artificial? In his heart he says, "Why must there be selfishness and brutality?" It is the question without a solution save in the posing, the poem, where an ironic humor cannot fail at times to slide from his observation: "Dreadful clowns, their motto: For every laugh a scar." And from the same question the symbol emerges: the gypsy that is the mystery of time is also the new phoney seducing men with promises of a sweet future; to her all go, and what is left is but a beach littered with the

mementoes of what might have been . . . and the accusation, the plea. His characters are sad because they, the dim shapes moving between the symbol and the inference, are impotent — languishing, even rebelling, like toy children unto death, its faint disgusting smell. This aspect of the sensual in his later poems becomes sarcastic, fascinating to the beholder, as if the poet himself wanted to be the gypsy, the center of movement, where loneliness is less desirable and the poem less true. But at present it is a small thing, this conceit: Elmslie need not succumb to it by forgetting that the poet is one who suffers and gives birth, who, championed by both necessity and humility, lays his poem on the widow's doorstep — then goes away to watch; who knows the meaning and expresses the labyrinths of love, as he himself reveals with a huge brevity: ". . . when will *Us* be released?" There is an order in the earlier poems which tells the clarity of his vision and the childlike sadness inherent in it, while some of the later poems rather insist than suggest. Still, this poet knows why music really is, and will not in the end deny it if he remembers how it was in the beginning when there was more dejection than silence could heal.

I like William Godden because he is not as fierce as he sounds, not as chic as his patois would have me think. Not so at all, this sly man hurt more than he cares to say. The tone behind the words indicates deep wounds not so easily bandaged by time. He is a love poet! Love, with its blood and retaliation and tenderness, moves him to privacies neither so private nor so marvelous. Thus, for all his sophistication and experience, he perhaps is the most childlike of all three poets. To say that he does not mince words is to misunderstand him; to call him "Beat" is to be appropriate but insensitive. In this way hatred is close to love with him: he may mention the pig-faced cardinal and "the Queers for Jesus", but we realize that by the merest twist it would be the other way around . . . and most tender, as he is with his plumber and his pimp. All the poems are personal manifestations, from what the poet has become involved in, and,

with precision and without masquerade, admit to being ordinary for the sake of endurance. The child pulls apart the sides of his mouth in an orgiastic rejection of the fat man with the mitre, ambles up, with one shoelace untied, to an alley wall to chalk down, with his pinky extended, his absent-minded poetry. And as the child knows no tradition and bears no restraint, so William Godden, though not so uninhibited, marks with his delicate crayon the faces of lovers and intruders alike, sorry for himself, lonely, brave enough to speak his heart. If I were to tell him, "How gentle you are!" he would mumble, "Go to hell!" It is the lonely man blessed in his dark room with sad songs that take but a moment when they are most pure who says this, who must withstand what is gross in him, the child, if we are not to lose him as we have lost others. It is not fair that we should be denied what concerns and, best of all, reaches deeply into us. This poet promises better things than denial; utterances more than contemporary, more human than divine, are what he pledges and has indeed given.

Impressive as standing between two dim commitments which are the deeper currents of his poems, Mark McCloskey is apart from Elmslie and Godden. The nature of tension in him is sometimes hard to grasp. A lyric intimacy, a very personal utterance, born of a momentary feeling of close attachment both hold and repel the onlooker: hold because of their passion reminding men of their own deeper involvements; repel because the moment of privacy is the poet's own and, therefore, even while we sense his genius is precisely in the revealing of personal events, wrought in terms that only he and the "person" of his song can fully know and taste. And so when he cries out, "In the tower, my father drinks himself/to death — before blue-spruce dream diagonal becomes the Christmas of his old age . . .", moved and frustrated. But eventually the tension itself is quite clear: Christ and Pan are at each other's throats in his heart. It seems to be a question of love — for his tutor and father, his brother and presumably pagan friends, for God and Greece. The intricacies of the

struggle cross and part; Greek myths and familiar surroundings encounter one another to express both Pan and God; his intensity pours into the experience he has of both worlds: "I, sick of the Cross and the Swan,/go back to the hill and the boy,/the April hill and the cocky boy . . ." bursts out of him. Compassion, ecstasy, confusion, fear, shyness wander like ghosts between two decisions; the force of his expression announces these ghosts and the desperation their equal presence within him cause — their pulling one way and the other as the moment insists. His deep conflict is not, as I say, that of the other two poets; his traditional symbolism and forms also differ from them. Also a rhetoric both old and individual in his poems keeps him somewhat apart from what we know as contemporary poetry. I think too that besides the unusual conflict which in loneliness gives birth to his songs, his genius for the private moment, his strange and passionate secrecy especially mark him a Romantic: "And now, that the lovers all come to my bed with sweet, boy gifts, I writhe, my heart, exiled/and rebellious, in the North where my fondest friend, happy with his crosses and steers, prays for me." But whether all these qualities which tend to cut him off from what has been termed a "mainstream" are virtues or vices is hard to say. Probably they are both at times and in the same poems; the more true to his experience and natural utterance he is, though, the more enticing are the poems to a deeper examination and empathy, providing, of course, his particulars are also universal. In the end we can only wonder what will happen to his poetry if he does make a decision, for his beautiful loneliness and pain are from the conflict of no-decision. His later poems are either works of praise or compassion, or love, uncomplicated, less personal than once, at worst mere proofs of observance and skill, at best unconscious and childlike. It seems to be a question of whether the poet may write as well in calm as in turbulence, in the context of commitment as well as non-commitment. We shall see, though I feel that God and Pan are both most difficult and tyrannous lovers.

*Fruit, A Song Cycle* (for Tony Bardusk)

I

Oranges,

Someday the Negress who smears you with certified color  
Will hear tap-taps and whines (the Giant Fruitbeast) in the swamp-  
lands

Arising like natural music, and she will shriek in her swoon  
"American youth, go stomp on your car graveyards!  
Small boys in acid underwear, once more you may yoo-hoo  
At trains in the night. Whoo-ee, the alleys of Kansas  
Are now devoid of yellow joke eggs that hop peep and explode.  
City children, accept the perfume of your melons in the sun —

Lemons."

II

Limes,

In spring you remind some men of little people's breasts.  
Irish bodies — the huggle-duggle of too many cellophane sacs —  
Or even the Indians on stilts who harvest government orchards  
Know: a lime on a turntable encourages the wrong voyagers.

III

"Plop them into snowbanks, northern strangers, and in summer  
When they roll onto roads, slovenly families at pasture  
Will remember to kick the cattle. Farm women in bed a-mornings,  
Think of them in your bureau, then get up. A nation of you and you,

Grapefruit,

Tangerines,

Could only prove that all-nite cities have won. O lovely spring,  
The carnage! Oldsters with blinky chicken eyes resent your seeds,  
Your sections, your juices and meats. Secretly in markets,  
They pinch you, hurry on and sniff their fingertips, estranged.



*For William Carlos Williams*

Room against room

window on window

draw even closer

hear our

common heart —

voices

in the airshaft

where the soot funnels

out of the sky

to my sill.

I listen in the dark,

is she killing him now,

or will he live to

in one room

with his mad mother.

Yammering

about a picnic.

The old man's

retching his guts out

as he does every night.

The young lovers

on the top floor

rip and shriek.

A baby's howl

as regular

as hunger pangs.

Quiet at last

empty quiet, they're sleeping

spare parts

for the big machine

put away for the night.

murder her?

The little boy

PEACE! for all those that talk to themselves.

Peace for the bums in their doorways.

Peace for the old the insane the poor, the scared cops  
the bartenders mopping up the endless rings  
for marriage turned murder and children meaning cruelty.

From my roof the city

looks so wide

blocks streets going

nowhere like so many

stacks of

brown ancient newspapers.

The stars are irrelevant,

let them construct

a mood with

half the permanence

of the city's shadow

the shadow the city

casts on itself.

I love the rubble,

I would not change it

and have no choice

although sometimes

I weep I tremble

I laugh

at pain

I love you

too many people

sleep

end of New York prayer.

*The Parish Graveyard*

To sniff the winter I had come this far:  
the parish graveyard — four acres, small and squared  
by sixty-foot evergreens. I broke the rule  
of Christian tears and sat on someone's tomb steps  
to watch the rows and standards of  
this legion: perfect puppet-ambush,  
children tip-toe by. I asked my scene

The brazen questions a riddle-maker asks:  
why weeping-willows; why the whispers; why  
the widows holding the arms of half-strong sons?  
Who buries a starling's child; who buys a rose  
to stick in the death of some foul birch tree sagging  
by a stream? They are all the same, all dirt!

The ring and flash of a spade a hundred yards  
away said, "Another one, another one  
to yank the heart out like the blood  
of battle!" Lord! like that it was with one  
I knew: her husband joined this crazy legion,  
one who caged in his loud wall of bones a dove!

If that is heroism, surely when  
I wander here again in spring, I shall see  
red clusters in the ranks for bravery  
and know somehow with all my heart  
that this dark army shall erupt someday  
and spring a yelling ambush on the enemy!

*Comments on an Avant-Garde Concert*

Scarlet curtains and grey walls were good  
for that piano semi-circled by  
the beards and scarves of that crowd I was led  
among for Beauty's cause in the era of the deaf and dumb.

Lucille came out from hiding with a stack  
of toys and months of music in her arms.  
The girl wore innocence within her blush  
and tremble while her lovely arms arranged

On chairs the curios of children's treasure chests.  
(Ten years ago I hoarded all such bric-a-brac.)  
Two hours rattled by while Mozart shook  
in anger the worms and roots, and someone near me

Laughed up his sleeve to think how helpless all  
pianos are in the hands of maniacs.  
"Hypnotic? Yes, indeed," I answered after  
the last note squealed and Aristotle bit his tongue.

Perhaps my patron's curry, nectarine  
and wine before the concert made me bold,  
but, curious at least, I swayed with him  
across the town to where Lucille was praised.

For insolence with rum and orange juice.  
Lord! the girl-queen smiled in the mirror  
like the French girl did before  
her silly head was wrapped in paper and burned.

Later I looked alone at Eros and then  
at Christ and asked if one day Bacchus and I  
would be caught in bed by Milton and John of the Cross  
and, hauled into the plaza, beaten and hanged.

THREE NEGLECTED PAINTERS:  
ALICE NEEL, CLIFFORD GRESS-WRIGHT,  
ELIZABETH SPARHAWK-JONES / George Semsel

Since mystery in terms of human nature forms the creative nexus of these three painters, they must be called Romantics. I approach them thus, realising that if it is both difficult to speak about technical things of which I know little, and impossible to translate into words what has been painted, I am at least at home, as most men are, with tragedy, with the vague sadness of comedy, with human mystery. This means that I can speak about the painters themselves, about what has happened in their souls, and about what my own imagination has found in their work.

I wish that I could have gone to Copenhagen to visit Mr. Wright, to Paris to visit Sparhawk-Jones; I did get to visit Alice Neel in Harlem.

She (Alice Neel) is a plump, middle-aged, blue-eyed elf. She runs about her cluttered apartment, among her hundreds of paintings, in and out of all the things she has saved from the past where beauty and tragedy have not died but have ended up on canvas or on tables, buried under hills of paper or paint or dust, or visible somehow in the huge windows filled with light, in her eyes from which nothing seems to escape, in her quick manner to which everything seems to bend, as if waiting to be touched by her soul in a way which does not consume but is consumed.

To her, tragedy is a face, particularly from the time she remembers best: the nineteen-thirties. Losing her own identity in that passion which recognizes suffering to the extent of creation, she is able to paint a Sam Putnam (the intellectual "thrown in the gutter by

America, only to be resurrected by it — a clown!"), a beautiful Puerto-Rican youth sick with tuberculosis, a satanic father squeezing the soul of his own child, a nude woman whose whole body swells with the primitive sensuousness of its pledge of fruit and timeless beauty, but whose delicate face recedes into the darkness of an equally eternal suffering.

It is, though, the paintings of her two sons that contain one of the most striking features of her work in general: the eyes, where the soul of each stands forth, as yet mysterious, always tragic in the sense of great things dared, questioned, lost. The large dark eyes of her youngest son brood caught in the great riddle of adolescence from which there seems no escape, no answer. The wistful eyes of her eldest son look into countries too far for any but the nearly blind to see, too beautiful for any but the deeply poetic to comprehend. As for her own eyes, they too tell of those countries, which, when there is large daylight and the least hint of the most hidden blood and one unexpected moment of peace in which all is clear, are hers to wander through, making observations that will not be lost, undergoing a unique death that must in the end be recognized. Such a death, which is nothing more than life in a better sense than known, is what her painting of Kenneth Fearing cannot otherwise be. The poet leans smiling in the grey mood of his sorrow, his head half-laureled with the subway, his heart bared in the quiet blood it has taken on from the sad figures of death wandering below it, mutely in the dark streets below this calm giant, who is also the painter assuming her tragic stance.

Clifford Gress ("Since my wife and I are both artists it seemed more reasonable to join our names when we were married") Wright, the youngest of the three painters (forty-one) is impressive over the distance that I must consider him, not in the personal, perhaps social way of Alice Neel, but partially as a man very busy rearing a family in Copenhagen in "a one-hundred-and-fifty-year-old



school building with a gymnasium that I use for a studio", busy writing somewhat pompous articles on fellow painters and doing all sorts of energetic things in behalf of art in general; mostly as a demigod painting fantastic dreams about Greece and Hell.

It is surely interesting to look at photographs of the happy family life of an artist, to read about scholarships and exhibitions and articles: but if I had not seen the paintings I would have been delighted and gone home and forgotten. I saw the paintings.

The first and easiest impression to relate is that this man has had nightmares perhaps only gods or devils can have. It is as if he had slept a drugged sleep and seen a huge creature, half-divine Titan, half egocentric beach-boy, with darkly glowing eyes, and flexing huge muscles caught in and supporting or tearing apart a great vague net—a painting in which deep iridescent blacks and violets hunch and suffuse together. In other paintings strange metamorphic creatures writhe and wander through illusive parks and fields in which there can be no air, only perfume and shapeless waters and steaming colors. "The Actor" is a painting like this; only here is the delicate central figure whose laurels, clustered like all Pan's Greece in an April wind, proclaim the royal heart, which has in its darkest mood the power to hold lost creatures in the countries of its glance.

The second impression is difficult to render because it involves a mystery: how could this artist have such nightmares and manage to turn them over to paint without imposing on them his own awakened identity? Most of us lack humility, but artists tend to a peculiar pride, a haughtiness which often descends like an octopus upon the object of creation and perverts it, makes a lie out of it. Such is the general case. But Clifford Wright, when he is not fooling with caricature or aware of what is beyond the dimensions of his dream and his canvas, can create a work too valid, too beautiful to be ignored by anyone who has lost to the sun what he has dreamed in darkness.

Finally, in these best paintings are what we as men really know: the sad comedy of dreams; dreams which, once recalled for us, make us joyous and silent. For there is a part of our souls which is too dark to be anything but sadly humorous in that daylight which insists on the minor tragedies of consciousness. Wright is to be praised for killing some of that daylight with metamorphosis, with terrible color, even though Ben Weber's huge luminous face bumps forward to tell us without words how silly we are to stand there gaping at beauty as if for the first time.

If Alice Neel is to be known for compassion and the sense of tragedy, and Clifford Wright for the sad comedy of the soul's deep dreams, Elizabeth Sparhawk-Jones shall be known for the mystery only the poet's heart in loneliness can mark and explore. Sparhawk-Jones is a poet: she is as if Keats were a woman and lived seventy-five years. To be told that she is too shy and introspective to attend her own exhibitions is needless, for her paintings tell as much. Her muted colors which are shapes, which are "the heart in the circle of stone," the bride lost in her veil, the burial of the moon, the three faces lost in twilight, the madly nude "Housewives on a Holiday", hide from the intruding eye, flow delicately backward, shyly twist away. Attitudes of passion, as if a gentle child were caught in a marvelous act, seem unaware, and yet, at the same time, frantic to escape. "The Laughing Nude", sensuous, muscular as ripe pears in a melting grove, hunches, heaves into its own reality, its own mysterious world, back into the poet's heart; a faceless woman raises her leg in a maddening stance of passion and laughter and privacy.

What moves this poet to so much beauty? What do most of us know about it; being so ignorant, how dare we intrude? As the dark groom who holds the bridle and hides his eyes behind his other rude hand while Godiva places her foot in the stirrup, and later, in another painting, lifts her right leg high and gracefully over the horse's back in the final stance of mounting — how dare we intrude?

But Leda has escaped us in time: only her legs, clouded in light and shadow, are seen as they arch back and down over the Swan's ascending huge-winged back, one feather crashing loose, the neck a third ecstatic leg curving toward the moon which floats like the mysterious white circle of a god's fondest dream in the swimming vertical clouds Leda's pleading hands have barely torn. Even these words are lost, and I sense that mere observation is vain, that surrender is the only way, seduction the only possibility.

But I have promised to be more concrete. The paintings of Sparhawk-Jones, then, are the intimate gestures of dark and sensuous bodies, they are the echoes in a deserted museum, they are ghosts at midnight in a country churchyard! I can do no better, except to say, perhaps, that she is a mystic, seventy-five years young, walking near the sea with her hands in her pockets, her head bent over the smallest of the world's marvelous shells, dreaming Aphrodite from the darkest wave and the moon from a jeweled stone. Her bridal veil and her face are caught in no branches and clouds we could ever realise, unless we surrender to this poetry, to all its unique terms!

For some reason all three of these Romantic American painters have been neglected. If they have not been practical enough in our sense of the word to make themselves known, it is no sin on their part. Those who bear genuine beauty to us, those who can tell us of our own deepest wishes, of the mystery that we are, must be sought out if we are to wash away the great sin of our ignorance and achieve some of the honor which belongs to us, if not the divinity which belongs to them!



LEDA/Elizabeth Sparhawk-Jones





FRANK O'HARA/Alice Neel



PORTRAIT OF BEN WEBER/Clifford Wright





THE ACTOR/Clifford Wright

## WILLIAM BURROUGHS: WALDEN REVISITED / Arthur Flynn

To date there have been less than 100 pages of William Burroughs' writings published in this country (excluding the paperback edition of his first novel which few have read), and yet his reputation as an artist is unparalleled among those who know his work. And this high opinion is held over a wide segment of the literary spectrum — from Allen Ginsberg to John Ciardi to Alfred Kazin and higher frequencies. Now the publication of *The Naked Lunch* definitely establishes Burroughs as America's greatest prose writer to appear since the War. I say "establishes" although even fewer Americans have seen this novel, and probably never will legally; and I make this claim, keeping in mind all the other postwar names, who either fade out completely in the general brilliance of his writing or revolve about him as lesser bodies reflecting *his* inspiration. In fact, to be fair to Burroughs, *The Naked Lunch* is somewhere up there with *Huckleberry Finn* and the other stars of our galaxy.

Since so few people, outside of the readers of the little magazines, know anything about the man, I will repeat a few<sup>^</sup> facts and rumors: he was born in St. Louis in 1914; his parents were comfortable and they lived in a large house with grounds and woods in a suburb where, he says, all contact with life was shut out. After studying literature at Harvard and graduating without honors, he drifted around Europe for a year or so, living on a trust income of one hundred and fifty dollars a month (his grandfather was the inventor of the adding machine). Next came graduate courses, psychoanalysis, a tilt with Army doctors, odd jobs (for fun apparently) and then

junk. It was the addiction to narcotics that finally gave him a serious motive, a need for money that he had never had before. "You become a narcotics addict because you do not have strong motivations in any other direction. Junk wins by default." Out of loneliness. About this time he met Allen Ginsberg and Jack Kerouac, among others, and his influence on these younger men was to be profound and lasting. Burroughs himself appears as a character in *On The Road* as well as John Clellon Holmes' *GO*. It is surprising now to go back and reread the section of *On The Road* that deals with "Ol Bull." Kerouac's swift surface realism, however successful with other matters, gives no indication of the extraordinary mind and imagination that lay there.

Burroughs' first novel *Junkie* was published about 1953 as a paperback under the pseudonym of William Lee. It is an episodic journal dealing with the first casual contact with morphine to the "final" kicking of the habit. As it ends, the narrator is leaving for Colombia in search of the Indian drug yage, "the uncut kick that opens out instead of narrowing down like junk." Junk through economic pressures had forced him into life, if only the life of the underworld; then the junk habit had closed down with its nightmares and the contact was lost. The style is reportorial and serious — amusingly so after the elliptic flights of *The Lunch*. The intention is documentary — the novel is prefaced with a short autobiography and a glossary of junk argot. And the theme is strictly single-minded: my life in junk. There is no mention of his writer friends and that society which Kerouac has written about; members of the junk world, one after the other, come in and out of the book like patrons of the automat; even a wife without a name appears and goes as casually. Only in a few sentences does Burroughs' later manner crop up: "In another dream, I had a chlorophyll habit. Me and about five other chlorophyll addicts are waiting to score on the landing of a cheap Mexican hotel. We turn green and no one can kick a chlorophyll habit. One shot and you're hung for life. We are turning into plants."

This kind of story telling derives from the comic strips, but its combination of horror and humor is new. Before we finish with this theme (in *Lunch*) we will be transmuted into insects with eyes on stalks, or rancid green mists. *Junkie* can still be found in a few drug stores; it is a good authentic introduction to the subject matter and the author. There is a second and unpublished novel *Queer*, which continues the excursion to Colombia and yage. Alan Ansen has written an excellent article on both these books for the second issue of *Big Table*. According to Ansen, it is in *Queer* that the "routines" or "parodies toppling over into outrageousness," begin to appear and the quotidian realities evaporate.

In *The Naked Lunch* the everyday world has more than disappeared; it never happened. We are in hell; it is very familiar and often very funny, but it is hell on all sides. The miracle is that Burroughs was able to push his excursion so far and yet remain conscious and articulate, even scientifically dedicated to bringing back a report, when anyone else would have passed out or died. Briefly stated, the tour through hell takes us past all the dangers of drugs and doctors, sex and politics. *Lunch* has been compared to Henry Miller's cancerous novels, but those books are definitely prewar, prejunk, prebomb, pre-revelation. *Lunch* is more of the order of *Ulysses*, not like it, but just as significant, perhaps, and certainly more enjoyable. That is, very enjoyable. For one thing there is the pleasure of the language; Burroughs has a certain ear for speech — the mad doctor, the Georgia cracker, the faggot, the promoter — and for many written styles. The book will survive, I believe, on this feat alone. And with this there is an original imagination for the wild gag, the dream image that is not more cranked-out surrealism, the grotesquerie of modern phenomena, all of which project the psychoses of the world in gigantic vivid pictures. A new vision that will undoubtedly be widely and imperfectly imitated. And finally, there is the satisfaction of watching a master work a complex form and a serious aesthetic



toward a total moral effect.

Ciardi in his comments has already stamped this book Approved by Intellectuals and Dante students. For instance, he defends the "obscurity" of the language on the principle of "harmonious style": the language is "appropriate to the characters depicted." Dante did it. Burroughs' intention, however, is much more complicated than that. There is, for instance, a passage describing a "blue" movie such as was never made, even in Havana. Is this passage pornographic? Burroughs has stated that this and other passages "were written as a tract against Capital Punishment." I would add that the movie section, like many others, is a wild parody of lust and pornography; the effect is comic and revelatory. This is the final slaying of pornography, except for the creeps.

But more than that, *The Naked Lunch* is just as "amoral, asocial and un-America" as *Walden* was a hundred years ago. As a matter of fact, Thoreau's book is still offensive to the majority of American college students who take time out to read and understand it. Why? Because it was written from a vantage point outside of society, and its criticism is basic; heed the advice and you change terribly. *Lunch* also was written far from the heart of orthodoxy, in the international underworld of narcotics, perversion and demented intrigue. Yet, paradoxically, it is a horribly revealing picture of the world in the last days of the Eisenhower era, unless of course we are merely coming to look like the portrait the artist painted. Still, someone should tell the authorities that this is exactly the way things are — in business, politics, foreign affairs and in the everyday. Everywhere we see a tragic burlesque accelerating to a close, a hectic promotional campaign for self-destruction, and we don't know if it is a tragedy or a farce. Unlike Thoreau, Burroughs does not tell us how to save ourselves, but the import of his picture is obvious. Burroughs' personal life is, of course, irrelevant to the validity of the message. This book, by the way, probably will never be sold over the counter in this

country. If American students don't like *Walden*, how will the Postmaster General ever like *Lunch*?

The form of the novel was described by the author as "mosaic," something often attempted and usually unreadable. It is made up of bits and pieces, "detailed notes on sickness and delirium," passages in various idioms and styles, cartoons of political and medical factions (fantastically metamorphosed), zany dialogues, and finally an Atrophied Preface, a closing medley of themes and characters, which includes this statement: "There is only one thing a writer can write about: What is in front of his senses at the moment of writing . . . I am a recording instrument . . . I do not presume to impose 'story' 'plot' 'continuity' . . . Insofar as I succeed in *Direct* recording of certain areas of psychic process I may have limited function . . . I am not an entertainer . . ." This statement — syntax and all — could have been written by William Carlos Williams, who in our time has been the major proponent of direct writing, and who has, in his essays, probably exhausted all the implications of this method. The esthetic of direct writing has by now a lengthy tradition in this country, which is quite apart from the automatic writing school of the French 1920's, whether it is called (sometimes) free verse or Spontaneous Bop Prose. But it was Williams who also mentioned selection as an essential ingredient of modern writing. He wrote about Whitman: "What he did not do was to study what he had done, to go over it, to select and reject, which is the making of the artist." In other words, direct writing is a studio technique and much more, but selection — putting together the good pieces to make a new structure that derives its strength from the building blocks themselves, and not from "continuity" — that is the ultimate test of artistry. And it is just this kind of intelligence and craft that lifts Burroughs miles over high his Beat disciples, those second and third hand "receivers" of his influence. Ansen mentioned that a series of letters called *In Quest of Yage* were incorporated in *Lunch*; the little



magazine *Kulchur* published a passage that supposedly was originally part of the same novel. Both of these pieces, whatever their interest, are decidedly inferior to the general level of *Lunch* and they do not appear in the published edition. This is not proof of Burroughs' artistry; that can be found amply in the book itself. But when a critic and fellow writer says, as Norman Mailer did, "the episodes are powerful but does the whole thing make sense?" obviously he is applying standards that no longer exist. If the texture is rich and the individual moments vivid and significant, and the pieces make up a complete world, why complain that the structure is not a saga?

One thing is certain: narcotics as a theme in literature is now dead. It has been explored so thoroughly, and the vaporous mythology of its glamor has been so totally dispelled, by Burroughs, it cannot be taken up again for many years except by the most naive students. The postwar scene that was deeply dyed with the color of junk came to a close with Burroughs' "Testimony Concerning A Sickness," a kind of "Civil Disobedience" for exjunkies, which was published in *Evergreen Review* No. 11. Now, what is the significance of junk I ask. The imagination thrashes about looking for new ideas and patterns to ease the tedium of ancient ways. A maker can find a new thought anywhere, at the bottom of a deep dark well, in an outhouse with spiders, in narcosis, or simply where he is. Burroughs took the hard way, the results are commensurate with his agony.

The beautiful is difficult, as the Greeks said,

## WHY JOHNNY'S TEACHER CAN'T TEACH / Angelica Farfalla

*Heisse Magister, heisse Doctor gar,  
Und ziehe schon an die zehen Jahr,  
Herauf, herab und quer und Krumm,  
Meine Schüler an der Nase herum —  
Und sehe, dass wir nichts wissen können!*

Let me begin by stating at once that *I* believe Johnny's teacher *can* teach; but it's my granpapà's cynical argument to the contrary that I mean to explore in this brief essay.

My granpapà is no authority on the subject — at least *I* don't think so. But when he holds you with his glittering eye and points a skinny finger at you, he makes you listen like a three years' child. "The American college teacher," he sometimes says, arching an eyebrow, "is a cancerous growth, an abdominal tumor, sapping the masculinity out of our body politic." If I happen to mention some of the brave things my history teacher says against the bloody Caesars and Napoleons of the world, he snaps back, "No hero is a hero to his valet." If I say a good word for my poetry teacher, he snarls, "I had rather be a kitten and cry mew!"

His main argument seems to be that American college teachers, thoroughly infected with the vanity of Moliere's dancing master, have mistaken their profession for an end in itself, when, in fact, it is a mere means, a social service, instituted to facilitate the grooming of real leaders. "Where," he asks, "among your boastful masters and doctors is there an Aristotle to teach a young Alexander, a Polybius to teach a young Scipio, or even a Fénélon capable of groom-



realize by now that it is a very complex phenomenon, in which there are good and bad elements alike.' That's just about what many of you teachers are doing right now, isn't it?"

"No, it is *not!*" I shouted; I had to shout, and exaggerate a little, to make my point. "It certainly is not! You, you . . . you cynical old man! The trouble with you is, you're jealous of the teachers surrounded by students, who write books and exert influence in the world. You wish *you* were a teacher, and because nobody listens to you, you're envious, and you make a fool of yourself, saying all those mean things which you yourself don't believe. You ought to be ashamed . . ." Even as the words were issuing from my lips, I was beginning to blush. I had said too much, and I knew it. Granpapà's skinny left hand, which he had been waving in my face, fell to his side, and his old eyes, which had been flashing, were gradually lowered, and he looked for all the world like a tattered coat upon a stick. After a moment of uncomfortable silence, I said with some tenderness: "I'm sorry, granpapà. I should not have lost my temper."

"Oh, that's all right," he said, quietly. But as soon as he raised his eyes, I could see that I had misjudged the situation. "That's all right, young lady. I see now that you still have a few creases in your academic character. But they'll iron them out of you before they turn you loose with full accreditation. Don't judge yourself harshly. After all, you've only passed through the first three phases, or rather, grand ages of American academic development. Perfection, that is, ultimate refinement, comes only with completion of the fourth, upon which you are about to enter." Granpapà's eyes were glittering.

"All right, Mr. Gielgud," said I, half smiling, though by no means appeased, "what are the four grand ages of American academic development?"

Granpapà stepped back a little and seemed, though he moved not a muscle, to bow. With lips pursed, like a speech teacher about to demonstrate the distinction between voiceless 'p' and voiced 'b',

he began: "The grand ages of American academic development, or if you prefer, of academic refinement, are four."

"You said that," I interrupted.

"Yes, but not as I say it now, with pursed lips. May I continue?"

"Of course."

"These four academic ages are not to be confounded with the six physiological ages of man distinguished from remotest antiquity. You are familiar, I trust, with the traditional designations, ranging from *infantia* through *senectus*, which last, my own, begins at seventy and extends indefinitely beyond? But of course not! How could you be? You have been taught that until modern times people lived on the average only — what was it your sociology teacher said? — twenty-eight and a half years, or was it twenty-nine and a quarter?"

"Oh, granpapà, you're like a broken record. We've been through all that before. I know the whole thing by heart, chapter and verse. The Bible says that three score years and ten is the average age; Dante says that when you're thirty-five years old you're in the middle of life's journey."

"Well?" he half shouted. "Since you know all that, why do you not publicly denounce these charlatans who boast that medical science has at last succeeded in raising the average life span to almost sixty-eight?"

"Granpapà," I replied with some impatience, "your whole approach is unscientific. The average age my teacher speaks of is an absolute average, including every human being born in the particular country. There used to be a terribly high rate of infant mortality in the old days, and that's what brought the absolute average down. Today science has triumphed over infant mortality. Everybody today has a good chance of living the average length of years. That wasn't true in the middle ages or even two hundred years ago." With that last remark, I had scored a decisive point for truth and humanity; and granpapà knew it. "Well?" I prodded. There was a moment of pensive

silence, before granpapà offered a reply.

"You're right," he then said calmly, "medicine today has licked infant mortality. But," he quickly added, "if you average in the unfertilized eggs, which are our equivalent of infant mortality, you can arrive at a very different figure. And, what's more important, in the old days, when more eggs were fertilized, natural selection used to operate, and only the fittest survived. If you lived at all in those days, young or old, you were full of vitality. Now there is no natural selection. The first two or three creatures born to every couple, in or out of wedlock, are kept alive no matter what; so that we are about to realize the worst fears of Jean Jacques Rousseau. We will soon be, if medicine has its way, a nation not of real live human beings, but of walking corpses. Look around you!"

"Granpapà," I said, pretending to stifle a yawn, "you obviously just like to hear your own voice. Why don't you get back to your recitation on academic refinement? You were saying, 'The grand ages of academic refinement are four.'"

"I was," said granpapà, "and then I was rudely interrupted; but, no matter." He resumed his rhetorician's pose, speaking again with pursed lips: "In the first age, of bawling infancy, the academician is hardly distinguishable from the rest of us. His condition is then, as Plato said, like that of a chariot drawn by a pair of wild horses, while reason sleeps soundly in the driver's seat. He is all lustful cutching and, when frustrated, bawls and bawls till he turns purple from head to foot and looks like he's going to split down the middle. That's the first grand age."

"Ta, taaaa!" I trumpeted, and curtsied.

Granpapà ignored me. "It may last a lifetime, if restraints are not applied in good season to curb the wild horses. In the second age, head-to-foot purple gives way to occasional fits and tantrums. I remember when *you* were passing through it."

"Oh, come off it, granpapà!"



"Do you remember the tantrum you had because your mother wouldn't let you wear a certain dress to the junior high school Teenagers for World Peace dance? — or was it when you were supposed to receive a medal for having the cheeriest disposition in the Seventeenth Congressional District?"

"Granpapà," I said archly, "I shall not say another word until you are done."

"Which remark," granpapà interjected, "leads us, fittingly, to consider the third age of academic refinement, when tantrums give way to petulant silence, or to outbursts of righteous indignation. Behold thyself, my dear Angelica! But, there is nothing to be ashamed of in your condition. You have come a considerable way from bawling infancy, and are, indeed, on the verge of the fourth and final age of your academic Odyssey."

"At last!" I cried, "perfection, at long last! And can you picture it for me, dear granpapà?"

"Only," he droned, "as in a glass, darkly. You must imagine yourself a few years hence, called upon to address a learned society of your academic peers."

"Yes!" I interjected. "And I have the topic already in mind! I shall demonstrate that the Iliad and the Odyssey were written, not by Homer, but by an entirely different poet of the same name!"

"Shh!" said granpapà with forced severity. "I am not jesting. You are addressing a society of your academic peers. Your discourse is eloquent, and, at the close, you are roundly applauded. But in the course of the questioning period a learned gentleman rises to his feet to say, in effect: 'Young lady, you are to be congratulated. It has been a long time since we, of this society, have heard such a stimulating talk, affording so very many valuable new insights. But, don't you think that, uh . . ., in a sense, the opposite of what you say is true?' Confronted thus by one of your peers, can you imagine what you would say? Would you lose your temper as you

did with me a while back? Would you blurt out: 'Oh, fiddlesticks, you old fool! Of course I don't think the opposite of what I say is true!?' Indeed you would not. Having attained full academic perfection, you would listen attentively and then reply with a gracious smile: 'Well, you know, I have never looked at the matter from precisely that point of view. You may be right. I'll have to think about it.' There it is, the mighty image of academic perfection!"

"Ha! ha!" said I, vacantly. "Very funny. But suppose we get serious for a change. Anything can be satirized, you know. I've even read parodies of the Gettysburg Address."

"I wasn't parodying," interrupted granpapà, "just imitating. I fully realize the importance of being earnest in dealing with so serious and complex a phenomenon as the American college teacher."

"Well, he *is* a complex phenomenon," I insisted.

". . . in which there are good and bad elements alike," granpapà quickly inserted.

". . . and *you*," I countered, "seem to have a mind only for the bad."

"But . . .," granpapà began.

"No, no," I interrupted. "Let me say something for a change, and I'll tell you what's good about him, if you can stand it."

"Righteous indignation — third phase of academic refinement."

"I'm not interested in refinement, I'm interested in the truth! And the truth is that American college teachers, as a class, are the most dedicated persons in America, though they get the least public thanks for their dedication. Would you deny that the pursuit of truth in itself is the highest activity of man?"

"You sound like Adlai Stevenson on the National Purpose," said granpapà.

"And what's wrong with education as a national purpose for a new America? What would you suggest? — making money? bigger cars? or Madison Avenue advertising? If you really believed in truth and

the dignity of man, I wouldn't have to be standing here, bellowing at you like this, in defense of the American college teacher. Remember, it's not the exception — and I know this from my own experience — it's not the exception, but the average teacher who is a fearless champion of truth. Even with all the reactionary inquisitors and bureaucratic spies that are snooping around, I hear my teachers say bold things in behalf of truth every day. They defy the Faubuses and the McCarthys. Almost without exception, they fight for defenseless minorities, and for the many poor against the selfish few who are rich. They raise their voices against all injustices, against privilege, against war and inflammatory talk of war, against bigotry and censorship. They do their utmost to promote international understanding, traveling all over the world to let other peoples see that not all Americans, by any means, are like the familiar stereotype. They are not afraid to denounce the brutal barbarism of capital punishment, or to point an accusing finger at the *real* causes of juvenile delinquency. They expose political propaganda for the mean thing it fundamentally is. Truth is an ultimate value for them, and so they feel duty-bound to show the bad side of our own system as well as the good, and the good side of communism as well as the bad. They are deeply concerned, as they should be, about the genetic dangers of fall-out; and even more concerned about the cruel efforts of callous bureaucrats to force men of sensibility to incriminate friends or expose them to persecution. I'll admit one thing you've said, that in this age of standardization, of conformism, there isn't much room for heroism; — but if anyone these days comes anywhere near heroic stature, surely it is the American college teacher. Of course he's critical! But without criticism a free society cannot expect to continue free. Of course he questions everything! For everything needs to be questioned, needs to be re-examined. In a changing world, with the rate of change being accelerated every second, it's the most important function a human being can perform. The future of mankind depends on our

not getting bogged down in the errors of the past. We've got to be able to move feet and arms and minds rapidly if we are not to fall behind. That's where the American college teacher has already demonstrated his heroic dimension. He challenges the established. He questions all things, and neither from the past nor from the society around him will accept anything at its face value . . ."

"Except," snorted granpapà, "an increase in salary: he'll accept that on its face value, all right, together with all the claptrap you hear about how college teachers are being forced to seek other kinds of employment. They don't seem to mind Madison Avenue publicity when it's used to get them increases in salary. All you've been giving me, with your adulatory talk of heroism, has been a list of their own self-selling points. Let the classroom exhibitionist bargain for themselves; or better still, — do you remember from your Roman history what the students eventually did to that infamous schoolmaster of the Faliscans?"

"Oh, you and your stuffy old Romans," I protested. "This is the second half of the twentieth century, and we're living in America, although you wouldn't guess it from what goes on in this house. What's wrong with the teachers getting, or trying to get, a fairer return for what they do?"

"Ptsawh!" granpapà snorted, and from the way he threw up his hands and began to circle around like a beast in a cage, I could see he was going to raise a storm. "A fairer return for what they do! And just what do they do!"

"But I just finished telling you," I shouted, and then I too began to circle around, though in the opposite direction. But as soon as I started, granpapà stopped.

"All you've been telling me," he replied, "is about the way they indulge themselves. Who ever heard of a return for self-indulgence? Even if they were heroes, as you say, who ever heard of a fair return for heroism? You can't have your cake and eat it, you know. Your

teachers have a sinecure — that's what they've got. Twelve hours a week, thirty weeks a year at the most, and with their captive audiences they're better off than the old vaudeville comics. They can always count on at least five students in every class ready to flatter them for a grade, no matter how dumb they are. The truth is, the American college classroom is the last refuge of irresponsible petty tyranny, court jesters, flatterers and all. Tell me, where else can a hen-pecked husband, whose wife sends him out to do the marketing, and down into the basement to wash clothes, — where else, if not to the college classroom, can a hen-pecked husband go these days to shoot off his mouth like a big wheel, to a captive audience? Fairer return! Why, he should be made to pay for the privilege — or be fined for indulging a vice in public. Heroes in unison, that's what your college teachers are, — kicking together, in their own behalf, like the old Rockettes."

"Granpapà!" I shouted, biting my lips to keep from having a fit. "You . . . you need to be psychoanalyzed, that's what you need! There's really no use talking to you until you're cured."

"Speaking of psychoanalysis," he snapped back, "why don't you apply a little of it to your heroes? Half of them are hyper-refined masochists, you know. That's why they're so pleased with what's happening in the world today. And that's not just my opinion. I read it in your own favorite book review section last Sunday. There are still a few survivors from the days when college teachers were really educated, you know. The reviewer ridiculed the idea, of course. But he quoted a passage, and, you know what it said? I couldn't have said it better myself. It said that the greatest peril the United States has to face is the masochism of its educators. Subconsciously they want to get beaten up, by juvenile delinquents in school, or by drunken aimlessly angry mobs in the streets. And with that desire driving them subconsciously, they talk about the United States having had its day, and they say that the right thing now is to recognize that Russia and Asia and Africa and South America are ready to

have theirs and that we can't and shouldn't even try to do anything about it. Nothing will satisfy those masochists, I tell you, short of the perverse pleasure of being whipped. That's why I say that, with few exceptions, the American college teacher is an abdominal tumor in the body politic, sapping out the masculinity."

"Grrr!" I snarled, about to give full vent to my pent-up indignation. But somehow, luckily, I managed to check myself just in time. Suddenly I realized what had been happening. From the gleam in his squinted eye I could see that granpapà had been toying with me, the way you might toy with a puppy. In saying all those dreadful things, he was, at last I saw it, putting me to the supreme test, expecting that I would fail.

"Well?" he urged, evidently hoping for the worst.

But I was not to be taken in. I simply raised an eyebrow haughtily and replied: "I must admit, dear granpapà, that I have never looked at the matter from precisely that point of view. You may be right. I'll have to think about it."



## LEN LYE: ARTIST OF MOTION / Mark McCloskey

*Mark McCloskey, who attended the Writers Conference at Wagner College when Len Lye's films and tangibles were shown, wrote the following appreciation of the artist's work.*

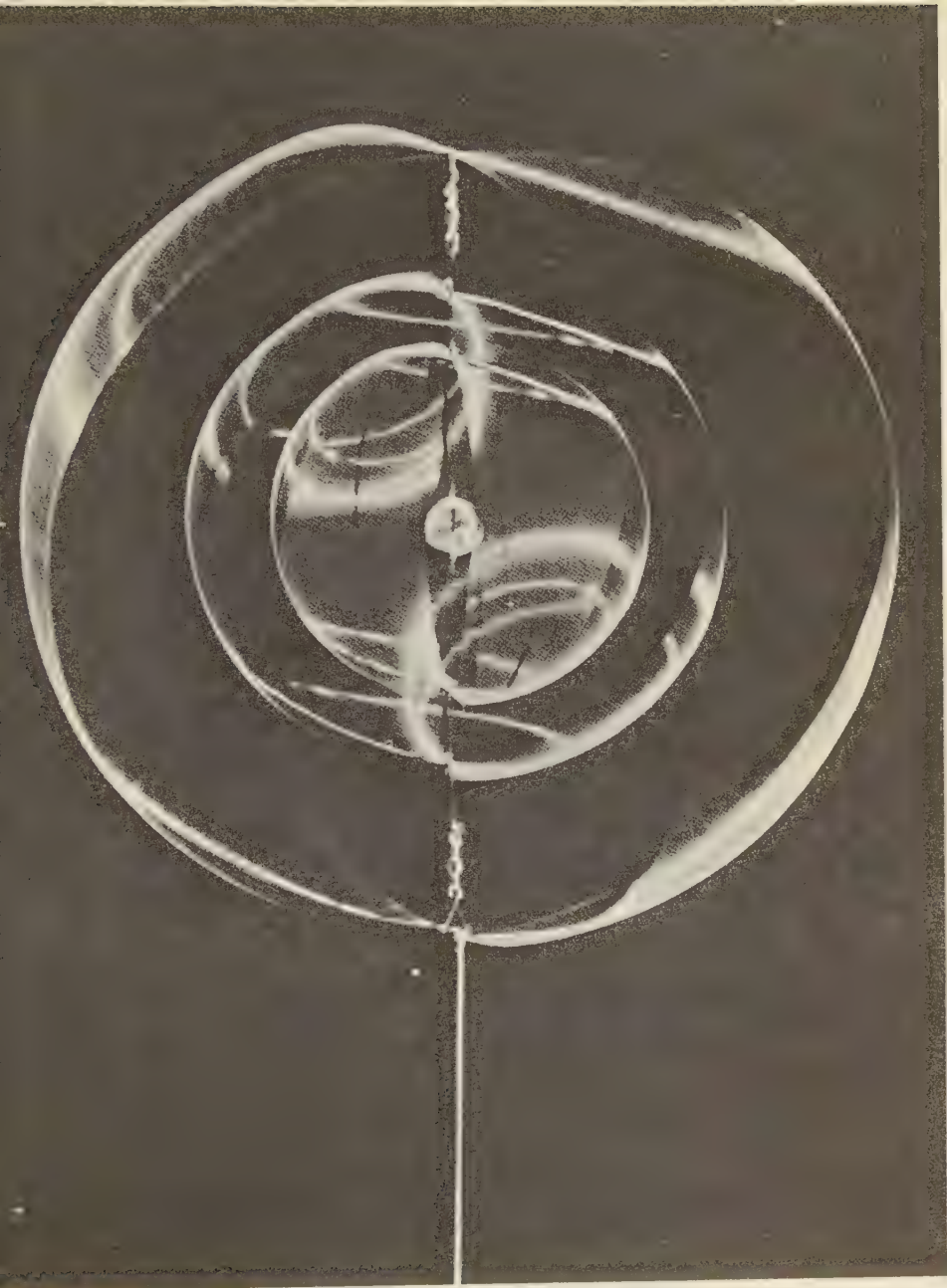
Maybe we don't need anyone, artist or not, to burn candles in our eyes, to celebrate the happy birthday of life. Maybe it is better for us to walk about blind to the love that sound has for color and shape, blind to the love the movement they all are has both for unity and significance. Maybe the raindrops falling from a leaf have nothing to do with the heart's soft drumming, nor the flower's explosion with a trumpet's deep burst. Len Lye says to hell with the blind.

For there are gods and demigods that have nothing to do with hell because hell has no motion, no mad and childlike rhythm of color and sound. You know? After all, who were Pan and Daedalus?

Len Lye, this maker of films that are more than that, this musician of the visible and sculptor of things burned for but unrealised in art from the first, is both, having learned both from his own personal experience with motion. Of course, you can look up such details elsewhere, though you might have to go to New Zealand and Australia and Samoa and London and now Greenwich Village in New York. All of these places will tell of tough body-work and marvelous soul-play under a primitive sun and under the darkness of war, of involvement with the simplest themes of ancient art and the more complex tools and themes of contemporary art. From the beginning in a life of such poetic tendencies the effort at some manifestation of beauty and meaning is necessary and clear: there must be a joining of experience with talent, of personality with the world that strikes and distends it.

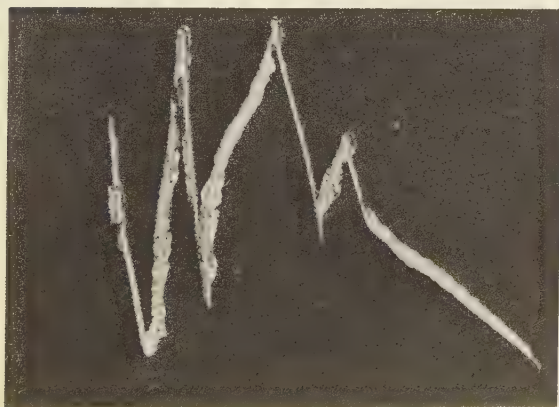
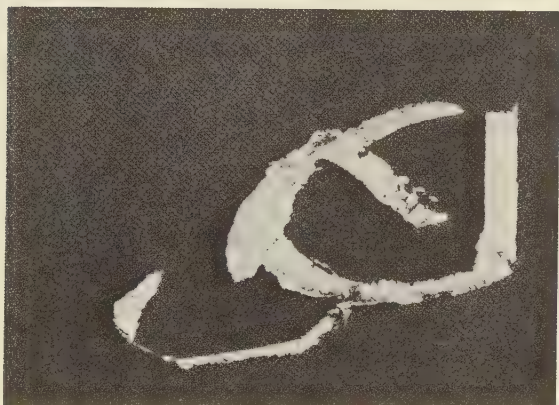
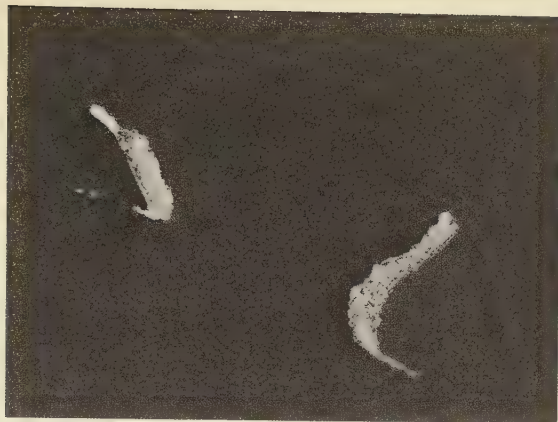
And so Pan comes forth. He is the god of color and desire, of





ROUNDHEAD/Len Lye





Sequence from FREE RADICALS/Len Lye



moving shapes symbolising from music the rhythm behind the bone. Len Lye may have made films for the British Post Office during the war and for various British corporations, but his work says stamps have color and undulate far, that flight is kaleidoscopic and musical. And just as Pan is the god of pagan childhood, so Len Lye knows, though in a deeper and purer, more abstract sense than his oft-mentioned counterpart Disney, that men would like to be children again, laughing and building magic castles out of what they sense. He knows too the child does not split rhythmic shape from sound (he—Lye—has used jazz for its promise of simple catharsis) but responds to a one fused from many things. Even the titles of his films *Colour Box*, *Kaleidoscope*, *Rainbow Dance* speak the divine delighting in color but more, color as music, music as shape, and all of them as that reality latent in every man which yearns to be mirrored in, brought back to, his consciousness. For as Pan sees color he also "sees" music (mark his pipes), as does Pan-Lye (mark his clarinet).

The idea of film is that it be popular: film is for Everyman. If we are to praise Lye for his prowess as a film-maker, it is not the kudos he has managed to pry from critics nor even the avowed influence on such poets of the film as Norman McLaren that we must attend, but his ideal to touch and fascinate and win Everyman. Pan, the god of "excitement", symbolizes this creed, but Daedalus is the demigod who builds it into art, for he discovers the theme in Pan and works it out, dignifies it somehow, perhaps as Shelley's Prometheus dignified the human soul, its darkness and its strange powers. Len Lye found that man must have a medium through which to see himself, his perennial childhood, as totally as possible, and in his own time. Once man painted himself, dilating and diminishing, simple as truth is simple to the eye, on walls—a sere riot of line and color, but mute. Now we have the film, real sound and real movement at one time, and Daedalus-Lye to show us how the heart flies, down and up, darkly and nervously (as in his 1958 film *Free Radicals*, testament

of the heartbeat in the frame of Bagirmi tribal music, and second prize-winner at the Brussels Film Festival) — all color and music undivided. And this is the kind of truth to which we immediately respond!

Yet Daedalus lost his son and Prometheus his freedom, for in creation something must always be destroyed. With Len Lye it is a finer destruction than we ordinarily mean in terms of art: his "artistic" death is really an evolution, a new life born and fostered. Where his films fuse those things which belong together in the child's mind always poised on the tip of laughter, always prepared for the quick and total response to beauty, sculpture, from the same principle of synthesis, seeks the response of man grown to a comprehensive, rich awareness of himself and the world — and that consciousness is the psyche that hauls a beauty and a meaning from ruin, an answer from the largest questions. Lye's "Tangibles", his sculptures, thrust to this part of man, where the music that infuses and surrounds the movable piece, and the whole structure in its evolvment from the music-shape germ, the static position, to the single, fused blossoming, echo bell-like. In that catharsis one grown to his Promethean stance by the very habit of life may turn to Daedalus and ask, "How did you know?" Here is the matter of ideas, the abstraction, withal in the context of line and music, that passes through the eye, through the inward places of childhood, to lodge in some deepest place, like "shook foil," where the universe is, the moment of truth, the richest harmony of the Real. Thus in his latest work, his sculpture, Len Lye has not so much destroyed an old concern as shaped it to its richest conclusion — and in this we see more of Daedalus than Pan, more of Plato perhaps than his own divine child, and wish, those that yet can, that more of our contemporary magic imps, our artists, would see and feel and wring through to some high eminence from which to mirror down to us truths deeper and more satisfying than those in which the best beauty is but a shadow, a reminiscence, marvelous but small.



## TWO NEW YORK COMPOSERS: INTERVIEWS WITH BEN WEBER AND LUCIA DLUGOSZEWSKI

The questions submitted to the composers were framed by Luther Routé and John Kirsch with the assistance of Philip Cavanaugh of the English Department of Wagner College.

### BEN WEBER

*What is music?*

The exact nature of music is difficult to define. To a composer such as myself it is the arrangement of pitched, and sometimes unpitched sounds, in both vertical and horizontal structures (harmonic and contrapuntal) at the discretion of the composer, supplemented by the use of various instruments to implement those sounds imagined, and controlled (more or less) by deliberate rhythmic intent and planning.

*What is beauty in music?*

I would consider beauty in music to consist of the appreciation on the part of the listener, (either objective or subjective, or a fortuitous combination of both) of the aesthetic arrangements made by the composer through the medium of the performer. The "beauty" itself is dormant in the music until it is brought forth for the listener. It is an intangible, and quite different than any art in that it only truly exists at the moment of its expression in actual sound.

*Do you consider yourself an American composer outside the mainstream of a European tradition?*

The materials of music being what they are, and having been in use before the development of any musical culture in America, I don't think I could make any such claim with validity. I prefer to think of myself as an "international" artist, if I have to make any such self-identification at all. I am an American by birth and training,

and as it happens, am self-taught in composition; various European composers have had various influences on me, but these same influences have been brought to bear on every composer I know of, not excluding the present-day ones who are experimenting in electronic computation of music, etc.

*What is the most beautiful kind of composition?*

What is the most beautiful thing in Nature? Does there have to be a "most?"

*Do you feel American audiences are becoming more receptive to modern music?*

Education always helps to broaden the field of understanding. I think they are.

*What is the relation between your income and your creative ability?*

Practically nil.

*What is twelve-tone composition?*

It is a method, not divorced from musical composition in general, of making music with more or less strict attention in vertical and horizontal arrangements to the order of a deliberately chosen "row" or "series." There are many aspects of this, and ways of composing perfectly "tonal" music with such materials if one wished to do so are as germane to the principle as producing music with no tonal centers. The method is not foolproof by any means, and no more capable of producing "music" in the hands of a non-composer than it would be to build a satisfactory and beautiful structure without being a gifted builder of buildings. In music usually the architect and the mason are one and the same person — the concept and the realization have proved to be best vested in the same individual.

*What are the limitations of this form?*

I do not know. Having composed now with serial techniques for 22 years, I still find the invitation to compose terrific, and seemingly still offering me much that I may never get around to doing. The mathematical possibilities are so astronomical that I would find it silly

to start to describe limitations. Every man has *his* limitations however, and poor humans are always faced with that. One can only endeavor to keep an open and busy mind.

*How does mathematics relate to your work?*

I do not compose with direct reference to mathematics, though I am inclined to believe that every true artist has a sort of built-in math in his creative efforts. Composers often have very methodical minds, whatever the actual mathematical training may be, and their sense of proportion usually can be directly traced in their music. I do not myself make any actual computations in numerical theorems in direct relation to my music, but I know how to do so and have those means to convey to students of mine when asked. It is always possible, and often very interesting, to impose arbitrary stimuli on artistic endeavors. They have a strong tendency to sound like something of the kind that has happened in music. Spontaneity has much more of a chance when the experimental has finally merged into becoming the actual language of the artist. The pillar-to-post methods usually strike me as a convincing evidence of immaturity. It takes a certain amount of experience to finally become a mature person, and this is not untrue of artists. In the end, I suppose, everything is grist for the mill, as they say. Some people labor all their lives at being artists without ever achieving as much, others do it early because of their gifted insights, which amount to "experience", in their way. I do not think mathematics in itself offers any more solution than it ever has. Art lies in evasion, in a sense. To my mind that is one reason it is so attractive.

*Do you have difficulties in getting performed effect to develop like the form of the composition?*

Not in the hands of good performers who are gifted with musical insights, and blessed with the time for proper rehearsals.

*Who are some of the figures in twelve-tone who have influenced your works?*

I do not understand the use of the expression "twelve-tone." Is this analgous to "heaven?" At the time I began to compose in twelve-tone serial techniques, I was the only person I knew of who did. Hearsay had it that Schoenberg and Krenek did this awful thing, but the only works I had seen or heard of theirs were those which were composed in other styles. This was twenty-two years ago. It has become "chic" now to compose "twelve-tone" 'now — actually I am wrong — in certain circles it has become "old-hat," but anyway, nobody but nobody (but Gimbel's perhaps) would dream of putting a key-signature on a piece or going anywhere near a nasty old triad or a straightforward rhythm. My musical influences began with Mozart and Beethoven and went on through all the music I could possibly acquaint myself with, to the present day, but I love and enjoy music going back to the twelfth century, for what it is. Music is not to me an imitative art and has never been. I pay homage to other composers by composing, but not composing in imitation of them. There are many ways of learning, nevertheless.

*Can you foresee or pinpoint any trend in twelve-tone composition?*

My crystal ball is a trifle cloudy at this point.

*What is the major goal of your endeavors in twelve-tone composition?*

I think the artist who reaches a "goal" is a sunk pigeon. My only hope is endeavor itself. I would be thoroughly embarrassed to achieve any "goal." What in hell would I do after that, like, man, say between sixty and eighty? Like . . .

*How will your efforts influence music in general?*

You tell me. If I'm intelligent enough, maybe somebody will pay some attention to what I'm composing — after all, I do it because I'm attracted to it, and I hope that others will like it for its own sake as I do. Some have already and that's a consolation.

*What musical plans do you have for the immediate future?*

I'm composing a Piano Concerto, some songs, and a commission for an orchestral work having been received (thank G.) that is next on the agenda.

# fa Marie

*Andante con tanto*

*Duo f.  
Violoncello + Clarinet*

*Ban Helsen*

Clar. *p* con sordino *p dim.*

Vc. *p* *dim.*

*p* *dim.*

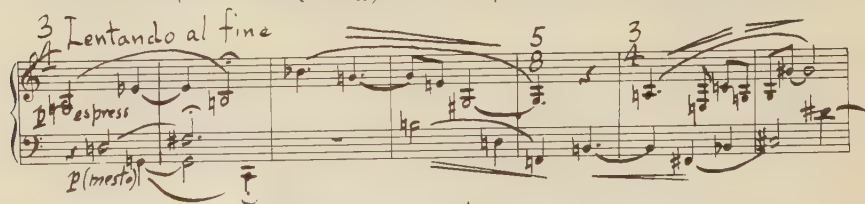
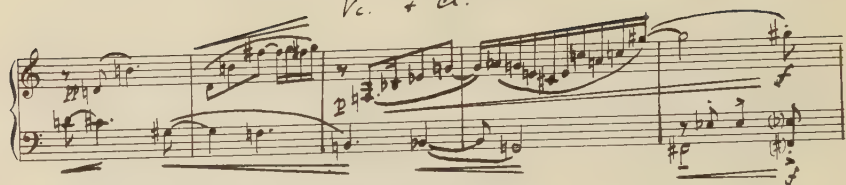
*in tempo* *pp* *rit.* *pp* *sempre* *arre* *pp*

*p* *p*

*Piu mosso* *5* *Meno mosso* *pp*

*mf* *cantare, sost.* *pp* *pp*

Duo p. 2  
Vc. + cl.





# MUSIC FOR LEFT EAR IN A SMALL ROOM

## NUMBER 3

complete performing and structure score

DURATION IN SPACE NOTATION

Pitch notes  
without  
Duration

Pitch notes  
with  
Duration

Timbre  
notes  
with  
out

Timbre  
notes  
with  
in

Heard  
Pulse

unheard  
Pulse

EMPTY  
SPACE  
IS  
SILENCE

← 60 →  
↑ tempo

L = LONG  
S = SHORT

EMPTY  
SPACE  
IS  
SILENCE

← 60 →  
↑ tempo

56 88

PIANO KEYBOARD

PIANO

PERCUSSION IN STRINGS

TIEMRE

RHYTHM

DYNAMIC

(GOSTENATO) PEDAL

(NO ATTACK)

(UNA CORDA)

(ATTACK CADENZA)

(HORIZONTAL ENVELOPE)

(CLEAR ENVELOPE)

40

PIANO KEYBOARD

PIANO

PERCUSSION IN STRINGS

TIEMRE

RHYTHM

DYNAMIC

RAVIA

(LEGATO ATTACK)



*Can you name a single individual who has been the greatest influence on your aesthetics and musical career?*

Me.

LUCIA DLUGOSZEWSKI

*What is Music?*

Music is not calligraphy although Stravinsky thinks it's so.

Music is not abstract because pitch is pure emotion.

Music is not a record or a record machine.

Music is sound that is made before your eyes as well as your ears.

Music is true theatre of the ear, the subtlest, most intimate of theatres.

Music is sound as the mind permits it to enter.

Anything you ask the ear to hear is music.

The definition of music must have maker for its center, performer for its center and hearer for its center. Possibly the most beautiful, most pertinent center is the listening center. The composer who is not a performer is dangerous. The composer who is not a listener is an anathema.

*What is beauty in music?*

Letting a sense organ happen and not interfere with it. (Clarity)

Activating a sense organ of time rather than space; therefore no image, no motif, more danger.

Hearing unemotionally, therefore without barrier. (Radiance)

Remembering that all sound is beautiful, the problem being to make the maker and hearer equally so!

Passion (or releasing a dazzling purity of attention).

*What is the most beautiful kind of composition?*

*Texts Without Comment:*

"O snail

Climb Mount Fuji

But slowly, slowly!"

(Issa rediscovered in J. D. Salinger's *Zooey*)

"Whatever comes to an end is too short."

(St. Augustine)

"People simply don't realize how much they can risk without danger. If they knew they would go mad from regret at not having been more daring."

(Henri Montherlant)

"Do the clouds make rain? Or is it the rain that makes clouds? What makes it descend so copiously? Who is it that has the leisure to devote himself, with such abandoned glee, to making these things happen."

(The Book of Kwangste)

*How do you feel about the new use in music of timbre?*

For Arnold Schoenberg perception of timbre was the lowest level of musical intelligence. Andre Gide considered it dirty. Magnetic tape reveals it as the aspect of sound demanding the most complex analysis. I find timbre the component of sound most vivid in immediacy, in what orientals call "suchness".

Music emphasizing the timbre aspect of sound maintains the clear emotional zero of a true nontonal music. Not having the emotional implications presented by pitch, it need not exploit psychological aspects of sound but awaken the wonder faculty to sound for its own sake.

*How do you feel about the new use in music of dynamic?*

Dynamic has been only used as a unique and significant musical material by the new serial and chance methods, except for the startlingly exquisite quartet of Ruth Crawford who is not only one of the greatest American composers but also, one of the world's great composers. For her, to use dynamic as a sole material of composition is an unbelievably beautiful intuition because dynamic is the most mysterious of musical elements. It is as qualitative and stubbornly unquantitative as timbre, but where timbre is solid and physical, dynamic is elusive and invisible. Through dynamic we perceive that music can move in space. It makes us realize we have a left ear as well as a right ear.

We often translate dynamic into distances in space mainly because we are cursed with a visual rather than aural orientation but it is not really in space. It is the mysterious "more or less" inside each ear.

*Is mathematics important in your work? In philosophy?*

The mathematics involved in the mechanics of magnetic tape is obviously not a mathematics of music anymore than mathematics involved in constructing pianos also involves piano music. However, certain modern organizations of symmetry and invariance that we call higher mathematics are so subtle and to common sense so ambiguous that, although they are of the quantitative orientation, when translated into physical terms like sound, they present qualitative challenges of the highest order for our perception. There are two reasons for pursuing such sound organization. One, to use F. S. C. Northrop's terminology, is the aesthetic component involving perception; and the other is a metaphor of the theoretical component or his "second function of art".

When Henry Margenau announces that "Truth must be beautiful" his beautiful is not the mystery of an immediately apprehended asymmetrical bird wing in chance flight but the elegance of a mathematical proof which is the elegance of conception, symmetry and invariance. It is also the lucidity and absolute calm of the quantitative that once fascinated a young C. P. Snow. On the other hand, when a Merleau-Ponty claims that "The whole effort of phenomenology is also an account of space, time and the world as lived," or when Gabriel Marcel speaks of ". . . a mystery of knowledge which belongs to the ontological order but the epistemologist does not know this, makes a point of ignoring it and turns it into a problem," these philosophers are admitting that the revolution is in perception rather than conception — an admission that frightens many artists although it insists on invading their art.

Until music can find the true metaphor of the theoretical component, and the existing ones *are* inadequate, the musical scene will be faced

with continuing disintegration because of the cynicism from the "bad faith" in the hearts of composers. Our theories of reshuffling pitch, etc., are based on particulate philosophies which are mechanical and therefore limited and outdated and our mathematical applications are dilettantish and very partial, and our theories of indeterminancy are whimsical and exotic and the fifth relationship is the symmetry of the renaissance and the climax of the 19th century.

But in a history dedicated to invariance the constant casualty is the intuition of the immediately apprehended, and so for me the eternal revolution regardless of other revolutions must be in perception rather than conception. When an Apache Indian finds our sensibility gauche and childish one realizes that without this immediacy of real hearing there is no music at all and not only the ear dies but the man with it. Really, we must describe a sound and also prove a sound.

*Do you tire of being called avant-garde?*

As the brave and beautiful painter Ad Reinhardt says,  
"It depends on who are the other guys in the gang."

*What does the title "Music for Left Ear in a Small Room" mean?*

It means, remember our ears are on either side of the head.

It means, especially to be listened to by very close and beloved friends.

It means, much sensitivity, perception and immediacy. Also the left ear might just be more talented to hear duration. Also it might be dedicated to J. D. Salinger.

*Do you feel your major energies that have been put forth in the field of dance have deterred your development as a composer dissociated from the other arts?*

No. My development as a composer has been very very fortunate particularly because of my close association with dance for the simple reason that western European tradition had almost no worthy models, forcing me into the most exciting and rewarding disciplines in the world for a young composer—that of inventing new structures, new methods, new aesthetics, and of necessity stringently questioning exist-



ing ones — in short, braving that “spooky tabooed holy ground” of philosophy. One of the most original pieces of recent music history, Stravinsky’s *Les Noces* comes from a similar necessity. Unlike less fortunate composition students bogged down in endless clichéd symphonies, my developmental pieces have been able to have their own adventure, uniqueness, courage and personal delight.

Of course, obviously the possibility of such superb musical adventure hinges on the quality of the dancer collaborator, and it has been my good fortune to work with probably the most amazing, courageous, and penetrating choreographer of the present day, Erick Hawkins.

He has commissioned me to compose three major program-length works, the first in 1951 when I was still a composition student. The last, titled *Eight Clear Places* has just been completed. It was performed October 8, 1960 at Hunter Playhouse, New York City.

Unlike many other composers, aestheticians and scholars, I do not make the distinction between music for the dance and “profound” or “absolute” or “sublime” or “pure” music as I also do not make the distinction between sacred and profane — in fact find it immoral to do so. Thus if music has any validity in existing in any situation, it must by definition be important and pure. Music considered in any lesser light is bad music by composers immoral to their art and bad for the other art that shares it. Often such situations have no right to ask for music, and it is brought in to hide existing faults, to facilitate mechanics, to drug the audience (which seems more and more resistant to this particular barbiturate), or merely to cater to the gluttony of producers for the pastiches or finally to succumb to what we call in our culture (sic) “commercial demands”.

*Where will your direction in music lead to and how will it affect music in general?*

These are only hopes, not clairvoyance:

To create an art as clear and inviolable as the impersonal affirmation of an elegant mathematical proof; and as personally vulnerable and

immediate as a blow on the head; and as adorably irreducible as pure suchness; and as ineffable as pure epiphany.

*Judging from your name, does your background have any bearing on your music?*

It is impossible to judge one's own background. The only elegant method would seem to be to present a bright quick "Mr. Jingle" listing of personal history, like the given in a geometric proof, draw conclusions, and allow readers to amusingly secret others.

*Cultural Background:* Parents, Polish-born, therefore from a country vivid for rebellion, courage, exile, code of honour for warriors. Also chauvinistic about Chopin.

*Father:* Agnostic from Catholic culture, therefore tendencies toward mathematics, science and dialectic.

*Mother:* Amateur painter, very close to nature, thus having simplicity, sensibility, respect for danger, lack of sentimental romanticism and idealism, delight in clear, radiant physicality. This common to rural Catholic European cultures, especially among Slavs. This common also to a Colette.

*Childhood:* Detroit, factory city, therefore haunted, ugly, surreal, slightly Charles Dickens. Midwestern language, French place names, Indian name places. Great Lakes terrain, therefore delicate blue uniqueness of Northern sky and fresh water, exquisite bareness of deciduous trees (Northern forest), much smell of snow, Detroit eye ear nose mind (regionalism).

*Childhood training:* For concert piano career.

*College:* Emphasis on science and mathematics with pre-med goal.

*L.D. Conclusions:* Chopin for me is humility before an instrument and courage before a sensuous experience, not sentimental wallowing which is *non-Polish!* Nature for me (even the Everyday Sounds Music) is something transparent, impertinent, and deliciously awkward, more like nature for an Apache Indian or a Haiga painter. Mathematics for me is Margenau and Poincaré, not positivism. Philosophy of

science is for me F. S. C. Northrop and C. P. Snow and not Sir James Jeans. Bach for me is not architecture but everyday life. The real pitch delight in Western music is in Gregorian Chant. Musique Concrète is the most unconcrete thing imaginable. Form is supposed to follow function but in our culture music doesn't seem to have any function.

*Do you think passionate associations (in politics, love, etc.) have influenced your work? Would you care to discuss such influences?*

I guess the goal of any intelligent creative being is to illuminate more and more for himself *what is*. Any process of removing oneself from reality, of putting oneself on ice, no matter how "profound" the goal, how "tempting" the silence, how "beautiful" and "clean" the austerity, really defeats these delectable objectives in the end.

But maybe texts without comment answer this question better.

"In order to be faithful to oneself it is first of all necessary to remain alive and that is precisely what is not so easy to do . . . I tend to become increasingly profane in relation to a certain mystery of myself to which access is more and more strictly forbidden me."

(Gabriel Marcel)

"I love him . . . because he is more myself than I . . . I am Heathcliff"

(Emily Bronte)

*What were the problems you encountered in writing your music for Ezra Pound's version of Sophocles' "Women of Trachis"? Picasso's "Desire"?*

Music with its unique peculiarity of transparency makes possible its juxtaposition with other arts. My particular method in such a collaboration creates problems that my collaborators wryly remember but I think there are absolute rewards. The point of view originally comes from my experience collaborating with Erick Hawkins in his marvellous dance, *Here and Now With Watchers*. This piece of music was intended to be aware of the unfolding dance instant-by-instant and yet present so independent a poetry of its own, including an inde-

pendent duration structure, that it could conceivably stand alone as a concert piece as it did in three New York performances. It was obviously much more difficult to write than a usual concert piece of music or the usual subservient type of dance score and took much longer to do, which is often a headache when many people are involved.

My aesthetic then is obviously not Aristotelian nor Hegelian as has been pointed out. Some people have called it Buddhist. In any case it proposes that anything with an identity of its own deserves its own independent center and yet demands absolute sensibility (actually a kind of real egolessness) towards an alien other.

Usually music in relation to other arts either dominates and distorts the other art, or is obliterated by the other (this often called program or background music) or ignores the other. I consider these immoral solutions. Obliterated music cannot be called music and dominating music is music in the presense of an inferior art but music that ignores, although preserving an individual purity, has risked its sensibility and perception and that is a risk too often taken by the art of our time.

When Ezra Pound says: "Our time has overshadowed the mysteries by an over-emphasis on the individual", it is very close to such a method of collaboration. This aesthetic then is the most pertinent problem in my music for his version of Sophocles' *Women of Trachis*, also for my music to Picasso's *Desire*, e.e. cummings' *bright*, Marie Menken's *Visual Variations on Noguchi*, and certainly for music written to the beautiful clear poetry of Ben Moore.

Naturally this isn't the only music to write nor the only kind I've written and I hope with luck in the future to write all kinds of amazing pieces played and heard entirely for themselves where my ego will be sovereign if maybe not so beautiful.

## ELEUSIS

*To Hölderlin, August 1796*

GEORG FRIEDRICH WILHELM HEGEL:

TRANSLATED BY BERT KOETTER

Around me, in me, peace is residing, the never-tiring  
care of busy men is asleep, giving me freedom  
and rest — my thanks to thee, my  
liberator, oh night! — with a white veil of mist  
the moon drapes the uncertain contours  
of distant hills; the bright band on the lake  
shines friendly toward me —  
the day's tedious broils depart from memory,  
as though years lay between them and now.  
Your image, beloved, comes before me  
and the pleasures of bygone days; yet soon they yield  
to the sweeter hopes of a reunion —  
I already picture before me the scene of the  
long-desired, passionate embrace, then the questions  
about the more secret, the time of reciprocal search:  
that which in posture, expression, character and friend  
has changed with time, — then the bliss of confidence  
to find the old bond's loyalty yet stronger, more matured,  
the bond which no oath sealed:  
only to live in the freedom of truth, at peace with the statute  
which rules opinion and perception, our friendship never, never to  
cease.  
Now the wish is faced with dull reality,  
the wish, which carried me over mountains and rivers to you, —  
a sigh soon tells of the ensuing discord, and with it

the dream of sweet phantasies hies away.  
My eye rises to the vault of the eternal heavens,  
to thee, oh shining constellation of the night,  
the forgetting of all wishes, all hope  
flows down and out of thy eternity,  
the mind loses itself in the sight,  
what I called mine disappears,  
I surrender myself to the Infinite,  
I am in it, am all, am only it.  
The returning thought is estranged,  
it shudders before the Infinite, and, astounded, does not grasp  
the depth of this vision.  
Phantasy acquaints the mind with the eternal  
joins it with form — Welcome, you  
exalted spirits, noble shadows,  
whose countenances radiate perfection!  
Mind does not frighten, — I feel: it is also my native air,  
this earnestness, this halo which encompasses you.  
Ha! That the portals of your sanctuary would now burst open by  
themselves,  
O Ceres, thou who are enthroned in Eleusis!  
I would now feel drunk with enthusiasm,  
the thrill of thy nearness,  
would I understand thy revelations,  
would I point to the high-minded image, would take in  
the hymns at the feasts of gods,  
and the noble maxims of their council.  
Yet thy halls are silent, O goddess!  
Fled is the circle of gods, back to Olympus,  
away from the sanctified altars,  
fled from the grave of profaned humanity  
is the genius of innocence, their creator! —



the wisdom of their priests is silent, no sound of the holy consecrations  
has been saved for us — In vain seeks  
the curiosity of the scholar — more than love  
for wisdom (the searchers possess that, and  
despise thee) — to master wisdom, they dig for words  
into which your high sense was imprinted!  
In vain! They only gathered some dust and ashes,  
wherein your life does not eternally return.  
Under mould and the void of soul the eternal  
dead appealed to each other! — the temperate! — but to no avail —  
there remained  
no sign of your feasts, no trace of an image!  
The richness of the teachings, the unutterable depth of emotion,  
were much too holy unto the son of the consecration,  
as for him to deign them with barren signs.  
Even thought cannot fathom the soul,  
which outside of time and space, absorbed by the punishment of  
Infinity,  
forgets itself, only to waken once more to consciousness.  
He, who would speak of this to others  
though he speak with the tongues of angels, would still feel the  
poverty of words;  
he shudders at having thought the Sacred so base,  
and thus having made it so base, that speech would seem to him a sin,  
and he would seal his lips forever, while still living.  
That which the anointed forbade himself, a wise  
law forbade to poorer spirits: not to make known  
what he has seen, heard, felt in a holy night —  
so that not even the good man should be disturbed in his devotion  
by the noise of their disorder, and that the empty rummage  
of their words cannot provoke him even against the Sacred itself,  
this should not

be pushed into the mire, so that one  
would entrust it to memory, — so that it will  
not become the tool and merchandise of sophists,  
which, be it sold for money  
for the eloquent cloak of the hypocrite, or even  
for the disciplinary rod of the happy boy, and so empty  
would it finally be, that only in the echo  
of strange tongues would it have the root of its life.  
Thy sons, goddess, jealously carried  
thy honor not into the street and the market place, they guarded it  
in the inner sanctity of their bosom.  
Therefore didst thou not live in their ready speech.  
Their lives honored thee, Thou still livest in their deeds.  
This night, too, I perceived thee, holy godhead.  
Even the lives of thy children often revealed thee to me.  
I often divine thee as the soul of their deeds.  
Thou art the noble sense, the true faith,  
the godhead who, even if all should be destroyed, remains unshaken.

## THE CAGE / Paul Zindel

*Excerpt from a three act play*

*Time: That Summer Evening*

*At Rise: CHRISTINA is sitting alone in the garden. CHRISTINA is staring at the bird (which has been revealed at the end of Act II to be a type of African Hornbill whose chief assets are size and color), and the amplified dripping of water can be heard. BEATRICE enters from the staircase and walks to the living room table to arrange several papers. Finally she looks at CHRISTINA.*

BEATRICE: What the hell are you doing out there?

CHRISTINA: I'm waiting for the ORCHID THING.

BEATRICE: Well, while you're waiting do you mind rearranging that pot so the water doesn't drip so loudly? Mama will yell when she comes up.

CHRISTINA: Is she still in the cellar? (*CHRISTINA quickly places the pot so that the dripping is inaudible. As she returns to her chair in the garden, BEATRICE begins to type.*)

BEATRICE: (*To herself*) One hundred and sixty-seven cents, one and sixty-eighty cents . . . ninety-three and no cents . . .

CHRISTINA: Your typing is worse than that dripping.

BEATRICE: Tough luck! Ninety-seven dollars and twenty-two cents. Ah! That's it. I found the six cents. As long as one sits down with a logical mind and the right machine anything can be solved. We were off six cents from last month's budget, and I just found the error. It just takes time and patience and . . .

CHRISTINA: How wonderful . . .

BEATRICE: Yes, it's wonderful when one can learn to act intel . . .

CHRISTINA: No, not the six cents I mean The Orchid Thing. It's going to bloom any minute.

BEATRICE: Did you give it enough fertilizer?

CHRISTINA: A big, wonderful, surprise bloom, that's what it's going to be.

BEATRICE: Well, it would certainly surprise me, all right, because you don't even have an orchid plant out there.

CHRISTINA: It's not going to bloom out here.

BEATRICE: Maybe it will bloom in the cellar like a mushroom.

CHRISTINA: You may just be 100% correct.

*(JOHN enters from the staircase.)*

BEATRICE: Nobody else would have found those six cents in this house. I could give these books and checks to any of you fools and you wouldn't find the error in a million years.

CHRISTINA: Maybe two million.

JOHN: *(To BEATRICE)* You haven't been too lucky getting a husband with your logical machine and your logical mind.

BEATRICE: Ah! The voice of the Poet.

JOHN: Seriously, though, have you ever tried getting a man with all your precise abilities? I mean a real man. Not like that dried up date that showed up three years ago because he wanted to kiss a girl before he kicked the bucket.

BEATRICE: He was a nice chap. We just didn't get along.

JOHN: You mean something beautifully different than what you're saying. Like you're not mentioning one ittsie, bittsie fact. Like you're not mentioning how Mama always fouls up your logical little mind and your logical little heart!

BEATRICE: Don't start picking on Mama when she isn't here to crash your face in. *(She stands up and strolls out next to CHRISTINA in the garden.)* It's funny, John, how you used to get everything out of Mama, and I suppose you still could if you played your cards right. I guess that's just because you're a boy. The boys are always

the ones who get spoiled. All through history boys get this and boys get that. It's classic, that's what it is. And besides, why shouldn't you have been the favorite? You looked like father. Everyone always said that. Any mother loves best her only son. Ignore the daughter and embrace the son. (*She laughs*) It's like sparing the rod. It's like loving the husband over again, the same cells, the same face. Mama has favored you all these years.

JOHN: But we mustn't forget the present state of affairs.

BEATRICE: I could ride on the merry-go-round once, and you could ride twice. You got two hot dogs, and I got one. "He's a boy," she would say, "a growing boy." You always got more soup, more Easter eggs, more Christmas gifts, more lollipops, more clothes, more kisses . . . all because you reminded Mama of Daddy.

JOHN: My heavens, sister, haven't you recovered from your under-privileged childhood yet?

BEATRICE: At first I had believed all that stuff about growing boys, how boys needed so much more of this and so much more of that. I started to think all boys must be pigs. Oh, I can remember everything. She even let you sleep with her after Daddy died. She said that you were younger, that you needed her more, that I had my dolls, that boys don't need dolls, that they need mothers — **THAT BOYS NEED MOTHERS!** She used to talk to you for hours in that bedroom. I used to listen at the door. She would talk to you even when you had fallen asleep. And then when she had finished saying whatever she had to tell you — **AND IT WASN'T ABOUT LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD** — she would sleep. And then I would wait.

JOHN: For what?

BEATRICE: For her to scream. She would scream and wake up. And when she screamed the first time, I ran to the doorway and saw her kissing you while you slept.

CHRISTINA: You were snooping.

BEATRICE: You mind your own business.

JOHN: Why didn't you kill me?

BEATRICE: Oh, don't think I didn't plan to. I was going to put iodine in your soup once, or even push you off the merry-go-round.

JOHN: Couldn't you have been decent enough to run away?

BEATRICE: Now that's where you and I differ, Mr. John St. John. I was always mature enough to face anything that came along, to understand, and to adapt. I knew how much mother loved you — and how much she had loved Daddy. When he died there was only you to fill the gap in her love. I knew enough to be patient—to emphasize — if you will. I didn't turn into a flying child and throw a tantrum the way you always do when anything doesn't go just the way you want.

JOHN: (*Laughing*) And you seriously think you understood what was going on in this madhouse?

BEATRICE: And it didn't take me hundreds of visits to a looney doctor to find out. Or are you still calling them appointments? I just understood and felt sorry for Mama and wanted to help . . .

CHRISTINA: The Orchid Thing is going to happen any second.

JOHN: You call that understanding? I call it sublimating, that's what I call it. You were never strong enough to face the truth. You made something else out of it.

BEATRICE: There's no need to raise your voice. I can hear you perfectly well here in the garden.

*(The next speeches are said very rapidly with CHRISTINA'S voice blending from time to time as tonal counterpoint.)*

JOHN: You've heard nothing all your life. You actually believe Mother loved me?

BEATRICE: It was hard, believe me! Ha! Almost taxed my imagination.

JOHN: You've got no imagination. If you did you would have known.

BEATRICE: Know what?



CHRISTINA: Orchid Things, Orchid Things, are growing . . .

JOHN: You would have at least known that Mama always queered your romances.

BEATRICE: What romances?

JOHN: The ones you never knew about. The little budding kind. When you were seventeen and eighteen, boys always called you up. Whenever they called Mama would never tell you, whenever they wrote letters she'd never give them to you . . .

BEATRICE: Big news! She was just protecting me from a lot of trash. Any mother has to defend her daughter these days.

JOHN: Oh, she protected you, all right. She sealed you off. That's a better way of putting it. *She hermetically sealed you from romance.*

BEATRICE: Those boys were just smarties. Wise guys.

JOHN: How about Howard? Did you forget about your one great love?

BEATRICE: No . . . I didn't.

JOHN: Did you forget about the fight you had with Mama, when you told her to stop queering your romances? Did you forget all that? How she would hang up and curse Howard?

BEATRICE: It wasn't like that at all.

JOHN: How the time Mama saw Howard kissing you and she broke a dinner plater over your head . . . and called the police because . . .

BEATRICE: No, it wasn't like . . .

JOHN: Because *HER DAUGHTER WAS BEING RAPED?* How you went to the hospital.

BEATRICE: I understood, I always . . .

JOHN: Seven stitches right on your skull and you forget . . .

BEATRICE: I can't remember . . . I understood.

JOHN: You can't remember because you have sublimated. Like I said, *you have sublimated, Miss Beatrice St. John, you have sublimated your sex life right into a logical mind and a logical machine.*

BEATRICE: You are crazy!

CHRISTINA: Orchids are coming! (*She puts her ear to the floor.*)

JOHN: Your only love has been with typewriters and comptometers and test papers . . .

BEATRICE: It's so hot in this room. It's like a hot house.

CHRISTINA: The Orchid Thing is coming up the stairs. Oh, it's coming . . .

JOHN: . . . and house rents and numbers and file cabinets . . .

CHRISTINA: *ORCHIDS ARE COMING. I HEAR THEM.*

BEATRICE: OH STOP!

(*The cellar door swings open suddenly and MRS. ST. JOHN calls out loudly as she enters.*)

*Will you bastards stop fighting!*

(*Then the bird in the cage lets out a piercing scream which echoes as if in a deep jungle valley. An uncomfortable silence follows.*)

MRS. ST. JOHN: Now that you're all nice and quiet and civilized, I have a little message for you, something to tell you, and I want you all to listen carefully. There comes a time when we all have to make decisions. I have been making them all these years, and I don't think we're much the worse for it I must say . . .

CHRISTINA: Tell them about The Orchid Thing, Mama!

BEATRICE: Don't call her Mama, I told you.

MRS. ST. JOHN (To CHRISTINA): Shut up, you little snoop! No, I didn't mean that. What I want to say, what I want to tell you all, is that, with John wanting to go to Europe . . . and Beatrice, you'll be getting married soon, I know . . . and I don't want to hold you back. I want to tell you that I think the best thing for me to do . . . (*She hesitates*) I want to say that you can go to Europe, John, you don't have to be concerned about me. I've gotten along without a cent from you all these years, and I certainly don't need any now because . . .

CHRISTINA: Because of the Orchid Thing . . .

BEATRICE: What are you trying to say, Mama?

MRS. ST. JOHN: Because I can no longer depend upon any return for all my struggles all these years . . .

JOHN: Get to the point, will you?

MRS. ST. JOHN: . . . because we may all need security . . . , and I want you all to know that no matter what happens you can all come to me for a room and a meal anytime you want, anytime you're desperate . . .

JOHN: Christ! How about a condensation? What are you trying to say?

CHRISTINA: She is speaking Orchids . . .

BEATRICE: You take just as long as you want . . .

CHRISTINA: It takes a long time for Orchids to grow . . .

BEATRICE: As long as you want, Mama.

CHRISTINA: Years and years and . . .

BEATRICE: You take years and years, Mama.

MRS. ST. JOHN: . . . we need something, and I'm the one who will have to make this sacrifice . . .

CHRISTINA: The Orchid Thing!

MRS. ST. JOHN: *I'M GOING TO MARRY THE LANDLORD!*

BEATRICE: Charlie? You're going to marry Charlie?

CHRISTINA: The Orchid Thing has happened.

BEATRICE: Oh, Mama, I'm so happy for you.

*(CHRISTINA and BEATRICE run to MRS. ST. JOHN and kiss her. JOHN stares blankly at the audience, and eventually laughs almost insanely.)*

JOHN: Right to the end she has to do it. Right to the end!

CHRISTINA: Do what?

BEATRICE: Will you stop asking that beast questions?

JOHN: They've been getting away with it for years.

CHRISTINA: Getting 'way with what?

JOHN: With reality. They're running away from reality all the time. Escaped it. Completely ignored it!

BEATRICE: Just the way we're ignoring you right now.

JOHN: But I'm not going to let you ignore me. Just this once you're not going to ignore reality. I'm going to make you face it. That's what's been wrong all these years. I've been raised in a distortion of the truth. One lie re-inforced by another. One bad apple is supposed to ruin the whole barrel. Imagine what two bad apples can do!

MRS. ST. JOHN: I'm going to marry the landlord and there's nothing you can say that will change my mind. When a woman has as rotten a son as you, she gets forced into just such positions.

JOHN: Oh, you're going to marry him for sure, but it's about time you realized why.

BEATRICE: What is he getting at?

JOHN: You pretend that you're going to marry him because we have forced you. Your son has left you high and dry and you want your daughter to live a healthy normal life. Well, that's a load of bologne! I'll tell you why you're marrying him. *IT'S BECAUSE YOU LOVE HIM!*

BEATRICE: Hit him, Mama!

CHRISTINA: The Orchid Thing.

JOHN: Can you bear it . . . you're marrying him *BECAUSE YOU LOVE HIM. BECAUSE YOU LOVE HIM . . . BECAUSE YOU LOVE HIM!*

MRS. ST. JOHN: You're a fool.

JOHN: Because you love him!

BEATRICE: She does not love Charlie. She's being forced into it. You forced her into making the decision.

JOHN: Can't you understand, Beatrice? Are you that stupid?

MRS. ST. JOHN: You've said just about enough, young man . . .

JOHN: Are you too stupid to see why I had the extra rides on the merry-go-round, the second hot dog, more Easter gifts, more kisses . . .

MRS. ST. JOHN: What have you two been talking about?

BEATRICE: Yes, I know. Because Mama loved you. Loved you more than she could ever love me, and I understood. I could see . . .

JOHN: You can see nothing . . .

MRS. ST. JOHN: Stop it, John, stop talking . . .

CHRISTINA: Go on . . .

JOHN: The fact is, and I happen to know . . . *I HAPPEN TO KNOW* . . .

MRS. ST. JOHN: Shut your mouth, John St. John. I want none of your sick . . .

BEATRICE: Mama, hit him!

JOHN: And this I know — that *MAMA HATED ME MORE THAN ANYTHING IN THIS WHOLE UGLY WORLD EXCEPT FATHER!*

*(There is silence as MRS. ST. JOHN walks out onto the garden ramp. She simply stares out into the darkness.)*

BEATRICE: What made you say a thing like that?

JOHN: Because it's true. Because I now find it necessary to give you all back reality. It is my duty to you and myself that I call a spade a spade from now, that I don't just listen and doubt myself and confuse myself by hearing your compounded illusions.

BEATRICE: How come you're the only one going to the looney doctor?

JOHN: Because I was lucky. Someone warned me.

*(There is a knock on the door which CHRISTINA answers. CARA enters. She is dressed as if she were going to attend a cocktail party to celebrate an unforgettable event, and gives the stage the liveliness of Spring in a desert.)*

BEATRICE *(Indicating CARA)*: And I'll bet she's the bastard!

CARA: I'll excuse you, Beatrice, for anything you say. I was listening to everything outside the door, and I can't blame you for wanting to fight back.

CHRISTINA: You're a snoop!

BEATRICE: Get that bitch out of here!

CARA: People who are being introduced to reality always need to kick and punch and curse. (To JOHN): Did you tell everything yet? Why don't you kill them with reality?

CHRISTINA: No, don't kill Mama.

CARA: Just make her admit.

BEATRICE: Admit what? That you're as crazy as . . .

CARA: I want her to tell you all about your father. We lived next door when it happened, and I guess my family and I are the only ones besides *HER* that really knew how things were.

BEATRICE: I was around, too, you know.

CARA: You could have been around at the *100 years war* and you wouldn't have known there was an argument going on. You've never been able to see anything because you've got curvature of the eyeballs.

CHRISTINA: Don't kill Mama . . .

BEATRICE: Get out of here, Miss CARA WHORE.

CARA: She never loved her husband. (*CARA starts to circle about MRS. ST. JOHN much like a hawk would circle its prey.*)

BEATRICE: Get her out of here, Mama!

MRS. ST. JOHN: Beatrice, could you shut up a while?

BEATRICE: Mama!

MRS. ST. JOHN: (*Monotonously calm*) So what? My husband was not so hot. He was a drunkard and he hated me. No one is perfect.

BEATRICE: You never told us that Daddy drunk in excess.

MRS. ST. JOHN: He was a bum, but you just don't tell your children a thing like that.

(*CARA gives the pot on the floor a delicate push with her foot so that the dripping is heard once more. The dripping is steady with increasing amplification up to MRS. ST. JOHN'S forthcoming exit.*)

CARA: But you can tell them how he died in the bathtub. Tell them how any man can die in a bathtub.



MRS. ST. JOHN: He was drunk and he drowned. The bastard drowned.

CARA: Why did he drown?

MRS. ST. JOHN: Oh, God, he just drowned.

CARA: It couldn't have been your fault, could it?

BEATRICE: Let me beat her.

MRS. ST. JOHN: Don't touch her. A bathtub, a train, a high building — what does it matter?

CARA: But it does matter. *It does matter.*

MRS. ST. JOHN: He's dead. What difference does it make?

CARA: Yes, he drowned. That is a simple fact. And yet not so simple. Your father's death is still here in this room with us. It's in your mother's heart and on your sister's face, and woven into the ropes that bind you, John. *AND IT'S UP THERE IN THAT CAGE.*

BEATRICE: (To CARA) I'll pluck your tongue out, you little pig.

CARA: Pluck it out? Why don't you peck it out? Peck it out like a giant bird. Tell us, Mrs. St. John, where were you when the water rushed into your husband's lungs?

MRS. ST. JOHN (Weakening) Sleeping, sleep had come . . .

CARA: You were sleeping, all right. You were out of it. You were even drunker than your husband. You were running faster and harder than he was from this house of feathers.

MRS. ST. JOHN: What do you want me to say?

CARA: Look at me! You know very well what you must admit. Say it! Scream it and free your son. Isn't there just the tiniest chance that you feel you are the reason your husband is dead?

MRS. ST. JOHN: He was drunk, he was always . . .

CARA: that you might have been able to help him, that you . . . that you feel guilt. You have been carrying one ton of guilt on your back.

MRS. ST. JOHN: (*Breaking down*) One ton of guilt . . .

(*BEATRICE, stunned, sits down at the table and commences to type,*

wildly . . .)

CHRISTINA: Don't die, Mama,

*(CHRISTINA runs out to the cage and calls up to the bird.)*

CHRISTINA: Mr. Darling, don't let her die, don't let her . . .

MRS. ST. JOHN: *(Placing her hands to her throat as if she is suffocating)* One . . . ton of . . . guilt!

CHRISTINA: . . . Mr. Darling, don't let her . . .

MRS. ST. JOHN: Someone stop that dripping . . . that dripping.

*(She gives in to her desire to run to the pot and kick it with the force of a football star)* . . . That DRIPPING!

*(At just that moment the bird offers the loudest scream yet heard in the play. Before the sound of the bird diminishes, MRS. ST. JOHN's own voice emerges in an equally piercing scream. Then there is complete silence until she exits to the cellar. The very next sound is that of BEATRICE typing at a tremendous speed.)*

JOHN: You have to type, don't you, Beatrice. It's the only reaction you're able to make. But now you know where those extra kisses came from . . . they came right from Mama's guilty heart.

CARA: She thought she could release her guilt by showing her love for you.

JOHN: But instead she almost killed me. She almost killed me with a mother's love.

CHRISTINA: I warned you about The Orchid Thing!

JOHN: Yes, I believe you knew in some way. But how?

CHRISTINA: Because my flowers tell me. They grow and they grow on whisperings.

CARA: Is that why they're so large in this house?

CHRISTINA: I knew because the daffodils were showing it in their faces, and the roses told me by their smells, all their natural signals of life . . .

JOHN: Will you please stop that typing?

CHRISTINA: Why is she banging the machine so hard?

CARA: Leave her alone. She'll stop when she can. Maybe at the end of the paragraph. It's strange but our minds and hearts are like water glasses and truth is the liquid that fills them. A heart of logic can stand only so much of reality and then the excess has to pour off like a waterfall.

JOHN: Either that, or there is an explosion.

CHRISTINA: Flowers grow around waterfalls . . .

*(MRS. ST. JOHN is seen in the cellar doorway. She enters carrying a small suitcase and appears to be well composed, as if she had just come from a quiet afternoon tea.)*

MRS. ST. JOHN: Beatrice! Stop that typing now!

BEATRICE: Yes, Mama.

MRS. ST. JOHN: Well, I've got everything I'll need. We're not taking much with us. Charlie already has most of the stuff in his car.

*(JOHN walks out onto the ramp ignoring her. He fixes his sight on the cage and remains silent.)*

He even made sandwiches for the trip. He's so thoughtful.

CHRISTINA: Where are you going?

MRS. ST. JOHN: We're driving down to Maryland. It's only two days to get married there, I'm told. Beatrice will look after things while I'm gone . . . and perhaps Cara will look in on you, too.

CHRISTINA: What kind of sandwiches did Charlie make?

MRS. ST. JOHN: Oh, some tomato with ham and lettuce, and one or two tuna fish and tomato. He's really such a kind man. You have no idea . . . I guess I better get going before I start to cry. I'm so happy.

CHRISTINA: *(Runs to her)* Oh Mama! Mama! Hurry back.

MRS. ST. JOHN: We'll be moving to a new home soon and . . .

CHRISTINA: And I don't even have a present to give you . . . a wedding present. *(CHRISTINA runs out to the garden and picks the few daffodils she has there.)*

MRS. ST. JOHN: Oh, no, dear. After all, I really didn't warn you.

Besides, I'd like to give you each a present. I've been a little possessive . . . *IS THAT THE WORD, JOHN?* . . .

CHRISTINA: Take these flowers with you, please, Mama?

MRS. ST. JOHN: (*Kissing CHRISTINA*) Oh, thank you, child. And I want you to have the Grandfather clock. Remember how you wanted to take it apart? Well, it's yours now and you can do what ever you want with it. And Beatrice! You're going to need a hope chest soon so I want you to have all the silver and the lace table cloths. We can work on getting those monograms out when I come back.

BEATRICE: (*Running to her and kissing her*) Thank you, Mama peach!

MRS. ST. JOHN: Cara? Somehow I feel as though I should give you something, too.

CARA: Oh, no, Mrs. St. John. You already gave me what I wanted.

CHRISTINA: What are you going to give John?

MRS. ST. JOHN: Oh, I suppose he'll have enough, with Europe and everything. (*She picks up her coat and packages and heads for the door. She pauses for a moment as the cage and JOHN become brightly illuminated. The rest of the stage darkens. MRS. ST. JOHN herself becomes a bright gold as she speaks the curtain line.*)

And before I come back, will someone please get rid of that goddam bird? (*The bird screams once more, louder than ever and the curtain falls ending the play.*)

THE HAPPY BIRTHDAY OF DEATH. By Gregory Corso.  
91 pp. New York: New Directions. \$1.20

This sense of death the poet has is hard for his contemporaries to understand because the structures of the present, notwithstanding the Bomb that scares him so, have no room for death without its clothes on. Corso is a lyric poet, a Romantic, and thus cannot bear that the realities of love, death and blood should be disguised. As a poet he is more human than the rest of men since he is the watcher, the custodian of their tubulent souls by virtue of the deeper turbulence of his own soul. How can he, therefore, be censured for saying there is no death while also celebrating it? But it is Corso's compassion for the hurt, for the savagely dead, for all men who *must* succumb to the ultimate assault, that is most impressive as the *raison d'être* for the title of his book. Why the Police, why the Army, if the lovely youth he has known in his empathy for all that is beautiful and young are ever so brutally brought down by them? And finding no solution the poet despairs for a moment before he accepts, having found the death in History's relics, spring.

Now a true lyric poet these days is a rarity; but a lyric poet today who can laugh and weep like a child is a miracle. Who could write so about his own hair, unwind a half-serious half-mock elegy about such a thing—even dare to do it—and succeed? I don't know, if not this poet. Such is an indication of how minute his humanity can be. And he is not apart from the men among whom he must move. Not in the least: his poem "Marriage" speaks the necessary separation but also the heart of the whole matter as men know it. He is so much involved with the earth that the prospect of heaven scares him, moves him to satire, as do the masquerades of

an undivine society. But I cannot call him so much as epicure as a reveler: the imagery of food is a big thing with him, but he uses it to celebrate the lush beauty of what the senses own and the heart embraces. Herein for him is metamorphosis and drama, herein a medieval castle is a dark and living human creature. As I have said, death claim's his attention to an acute degree, but it comes down to a sleep that moves and children waving goodbye.

The turtle can lay its egg, and the rhythm of the lines is just that; a horse nibbling a daisy can become a "daisytaur." Such things are not merely cute, they arrow the substance of the poet from whom no dramatic or metamorphic possibility escapes. To be so concerned with metamorphosis, particularly its dramatic content, is for him to turn, partially through the influence of Keats and Shelley, partially through a personal experience of Greece and Rome, to antiquity. But this poet refuses to be trapped in a labyrinth of convenient symbols: he loves the beauty he sees and knows the dramatic content of that beauty. He lives *now*, spring is a *present* reality; so are the Bomb, guns, and Central Park—things which are also valuable for their beauty and meaning. This boyish nostalgia for what is immediately vital proves itself when he writes of New York City, a Parisian cafe, the gargoyles on Notre Dame. Observing this vein of personal experience, we understand how laughter is fair game with him. But the clown is something more than a fool and less than a god, though vital to the hearts of men since, if the clown is dead, Man cannot long survive him, who is, really, the poet himself.

I should accuse Corso, though, of certain exaggerations; I should accuse him of not letting his wine keep pace with the cup into which it is poured. But why? These lapses simply attest openly to the frailty of the poet, to his humanity—this loud-mouthed boy who admits he is afraid but stares the universe in the face and laughs his findings into ears more mortal in the end, really, than his own.

A. F., P. Z.



## A NEW FOLDER,

### AMERICANS: POEMS AND DRAWINGS

Edited by Daisy Aldan 128 p.p.(Folder Edition: 57 East 82nd Street,  
N.Y.C. hard cover: \$4.50 — paperback \$1.75)

Writing about an anthology of poems is like that moment at the end of a meal when a bowl of fruit is set upon the table. The fruit is various; you don't know where to begin. So for a while you look at it, admire the shapes and colors, enjoy the arrangement. Then, picking up your knife, you choose a piece, hoping to do it and yourself justice. Of course here the simile ends, for at this dinner you couldn't possibly sample all the fruit without running the risk of never being invited again. Here, with the poems, you are on your own. It's up to you how you swing between fastidiousness and gluttony.

I would say, on first taste, and this is largely a comment on the times, that the majority of the poems in this anthology are a kind of social criticism. They have a tartness, a shell or rind, the thickness of which depends on whether the poet satisfies himself with observation, or applies the protective acid of wit, or simply complains. The final effect necessarily depends on how the poet has managed to keep himself intact while assuming the role of judge. Or to put it another way, how well he plays the part he has deliberately chosen in the drama that goes on about him — which "branch" he hangs from. Some are remarkably successful. Daisy Aldan, for example, whose three poems are persistently personal yet very much involved with everything going on around, tenuously connected, like fingers touching, with the lost and searching feeling of today. Or Allen Ginsberg, whose "Ignu" ranges angrily and happily down the streets of history deciding, "It's the soul that makes the style." Or Gregory Corso,

who slides into his "Song of the Feast" like making for home base and gulps for air and eats eats eats eats. Some might say one "eat" too many, but after all doesn't that depend on the table and how you wear your napkin? Others might say it's somehow strangely close to Mallarme's "azur", but he, the Frenchman, was looking elsewhere and besides we needn't heckle the past. It's not its fault it got there first. Or LeRoi Jones, riding the Independent, his ricocheting thoughts leaping into capitals and unclosed parentheses. And Kenneth Koch who plays with little mirrors, repeating surprisingly one symbol, a match wrapper that constantly changes place and position — and syntax. Such a perilous age we live in. Poetry has earned the right to be a parlor game. Or Kenward Elmslie, who builds wry dungeons out of short sentences.

A goodly and surprising number of the poets not involved in "social" criticism are caught by the short hairs in mythic or religious themes. This is an old hard row to hoe, and it's invariably interesting to watch what grows there — even if it's the usual bitter aloes. Eve Triem's poems have a strongly female incantatory power. Something of the sibyl whom we hope is still somewhere around is all serpents and promise, while Storm De Hirsch's way of moving through her "Mythology for the Soul" is stark and cabalistic. Willard Maas is formal, in the sense that totems are, in his "Mask of Hermes" and mostly because of this formality gives us a dedicatedly balanced hymn "which puts to sleep the childish Minotaur". Maybe the most deeply religious of these poems are those concerned with writing itself, poems like Charles Boultenhouse's "Look! Look!" "at the frantic blank these lines are fleeing", or Barbara Guest's "History" or Mary Caroline Richard's "Ars Poetica" with its mention of "this particular way of mine". Or maybe it's the ones with a sad laughter, poems like James Broughton's "Three Visits" or "The Night Watch of the Magdalene", cruel and individual, exact, very serious fun that looks at stars swinging busy and oblivious.

So far it's mostly the taste of the fruit I've been thinking of. Now I'd like to spend some time on the texture, the shapes. Much of the poetry in *A New Folder* is shattered, sometimes with purpose, sometimes the fruit just fell. Some of it, like citrus trees left alone, is full of green lumps and twists. Some of it, espalliered, insists on unexpected corners. The short ones are luckiest. At this point all Japan sits up and crosses its eyes and claps its hands and we have a new war. Let not anyone misunderstood — I'm serious. Things like Mike McClure's "The Chamber". Things like the drawings in this book, face to face all sorts of leaps. Maybe later I'll talk about why people nowadays buy painting but not poems. Or Larry Eigner, jerking back and forth like a shuttle, quick and brittle, holding lots of threat, first outside then in. Or Frank O'Hara's "Ode to Wilhelm de Kooning", in movements like a piece for strings exposed to percussion,

"and that the evil inside us  
now and then strolls into a field  
and sits down like a forgotten rock"

Oh Frank, you could have forgot the "forgotten". People sometimes remember rocks; they seldom bother to forget them. Then there's Kerouac, fighting his recent deserved fame, trying to keep his macabre lines on the page by a casual rhythm. I guess he knows it wouldn't make much difference whether he'd written this or not. I too would like to write a psychic laundry list. But I'd hardly care to pay the bill. Or Ruth Lanshoff Yorck, her "Berlin Jazz" full of sharp pauses, sudden rushes, low notes. Or Daisy Alden in "The Wedding" — each line complete in itself, desperately simple, leading to a vibrant completeness, flashes of an almost captured dream.

"The green balloon in the tree grinned  
And hissed. The place is a shell."

It's strange and pleasant these days to see alliteration used so unobtrusively, the n's in the first line, the s's in the second, the l's

throughout. Jean Garrigue's "Letter" is also contained and quiet, like the center of a cyclone spiralling down to the danger point where things are either somehow saved or destroyed. "Isn't it nice that he is doing that." The *thing* being a devastating seasonal rearrangement of privacies remembered.

Meanwhile, Madeline Gleason in "Acting Out", puts a problem in living, whether for man or dog, right on the door-sill where it belongs.

"You want out?

You are out."

And while I write this, the future, cool and yearning to make patsies of us all, leans over my left shoulder and says in her smallest, most cricket voice, "Who do you think you're kidding?" And I, having lived long in New York, look at the cheek she offers (we never see her fullface) and reply, brave as every lost battle, "So what?"

Now . . . -Everybody has favorite tastes and I, well trained child, have saved mine for the last. Mostly — no, let me take that back — entirely, I savor the intense personal experience that is given in such a way that none of its strength is lost in the giving. Rather it steadily gains ground. Such a poem is John Ashbery's "The Poems" which opens the book — which opens the book —

"What joy and order in these poems!

It does not matter that some are without heads,

That others have two bodies, and some neither bodies nor heads;"

This is beauty, all unexpected looked at and welcomed, and later —

"I placed flowers on your path

Because I wanted to be near you.

Do not punish me."

John, now that you're on the track, please don't get off, except for necessary repairs. Write love poems like these, simple clear and direct, with the power of all the centuries of loving behind and

under them.

And there's Denise Levertov who worships a flower in "The Great Dahlia". And what's a poet for if not to worship? Listen —

"Burn, burn the day. The wind  
is trying to enter and praise you."

The same wind that hits you while you're going to your gruesome job, only we've lost the way of being sure of its movement amongst our petals.

Or Ben Moore's "Cool is the catacomb of the ant, cooler the voyage of dandelion seed," a line drawing where only a corner of the page is used, the rest left respectfully alone in stillness. And best of all, may all the limbs I've ever gone out on break beneath me, Lucia Dlugoszewski's "Poem" arranged with a delicate care, impertinent, enthusiastic and altogether delightful.

That's what's needed today. Delicacy, care, impertinence, enthusiasm, delight. Miss Aldan is to be thanked, for to a happy sometimes degree, all are to be found, hidden and singing like insects like choirs like friends, in this present anthology of poems. Who could ask for more than sometimes?

M. N.

## GINSEY REPORT: CORRESPONDENCE ON THE BEATS

Sirs:

Beatism, as I see it, is a sit-down strike against meaninglessness, staged by that peculiar minority of our race (long may it live, which no doubt it will, since it always has) that finds itself incapable of any very effortful motion in any direction without at least some hazy idea as to *why* it wants to move in that direction. It simply requires some motive for life (life defined as getting-ahead-in-the-world-in-order-to-get-good-jobs-to-buy-good-homes-and-property-and-cars-in-order-to-produce-healthy-offspring-to-adjust-to-carrying-on-likewise) a motive outside this rigamarole itself which throws some light upon it. Otherwise doing anything is like traveling in a train that is going nowhere in particular and trying to get ready for some destination. Or like groping around in one of those dreams in which you are always frantically hunting for things you must have in order to do some special job, only you don't know what the job is. Or like arguing with your father about getting out in the world and making something of yourself so you can raise a fine family to do more of the same. Or like earning money to earn more money. Or like fighting some war in the South Pacific. Or like answering questions on a quiz program. Doing anything, in short, is like nearly everything that we do. Why not have a sitdown strike? Or just commit a lot of public absurdities, if only to underline the general inanity of what goes on all the time in the name of decent and progressive activity.

Our elders, it seems, were perfectly happy working hard to get all the good things and pass on to us the good way of life, and they



can't imagine what's gone wrong. What's gone wrong is simply that at the end of this road stands nothing except a big question mark, and the question mark is what they have bequeathed us.

This is what impregnates most of the serious writing as well as much of the gibberish that is being turned out now. Every small, serious theater is ringing with this question mark. Our spokesmen don't have any very great messages — they are frustratedly waiting for Godot, or despairingly stabbing their chests as they implore, "Oh, my God!" or bitterly announcing over their gin bottles, "We're alone in the universe." There are no answers here, only questions.

The answers are, of course, where they have always been: in the New Testament, in Buddhism, in Yoga, in Plato, in Dante — and, to some extent, in nearly every piece of great art. But the catch is that you almost have to know what the answers are before you can find them there. Neither will you get them from your professor, who is likely one of the least interested. It is steep for the lonely seeker in an age when we are (as we surely are) as far out on the periphery as we've ever been from any cohesive kernel to things.

As I understand it, the great unity we are lost from is the great super-consciousness that, when attained by the individual, enables him to see humanity as a single being. At any rate, this is what, for me, emerges most persistently from mystic literature, especially that of the East. There is nothing so terribly mystic, after all, about the fact that we cannot see our connection. It simply occurs in a dimension which is a step above our power to perceive, just as your five fingers touching a plane surface would appear on that surface as separate objects having nothing to do with each other. That dimension a step above our heads (all physicists know about it) is called time; if you see it completely, it turns into space, and our joining is there. The consciousness of it then is that innermost thing that strings us all together and is to be found by the "inward search" which is such a prevalent concept throughout all the literature mentioned above.

Clearly the search itself is not so simple. Though there are and have always been a few people who dedicate their lives to it, for the world as a whole it is a lost art. Not only lost, but unheard of, since everything in our culture makes for a more outward, external, and shallow grasping at satisfaction. And the more external we are, the more disseminated, the more bewildered, the more terribly alone, loveless, deranged. Insanity is meaninglessness, meaninglessness is superficiality, superficiality is that outermost shell of our being where everything in our material-dominated existence is going on, and nothing, utterly nothing, touches or tries to touch or wants to touch that infinitely unexplored, bottomless need with its parched and stifled cry for reality.

This is surely what the beats are groping for in their Zen and not finding. It is indeed a slippery thing to get hold of, and the chances are they won't. Perhaps they just serve as one of our chronic stomach pains hinting that there is something wrong with our overly-vitaminized diet.

AUGUSTA WALKER

New York City

Sirs:

The Beat Issue arrived in the Welfare State, and the Welfare State is still there. It was, however, pushed around to various "cultural people," provoking various, if not violent responses such as "This seems to be a sociological, rather than an artistic phenomenon, doesn't it?" and "But what do they do for a living?" The magazine is now (if it has not already wandered on) in the hands of a sympathetic group of younger (not too young) people who are willing to see hope in the west if they have to use a microscope. This group who edit an important literary magazine, paid for by the biggest local publishing firm, had just brought out a beat issue with various already semi-classical bits in it and snotty commentaries by academic youngsters. They use the issue to test the reactions of foes and friends of the local "beat" who constitute a congregation of bearded youths

and uniformed maidens who sit around in jazz joints and whose only worry is that the police and the public will find out that the cigarettes they smoke are only Craven A, that their ecstasies are brought about by coffee drinking, and that they in disguise do square work for a living.

Apart from this new-beat group, that is subject to American infiltration, we have in this venerable town of Copenhagen had real beat characters around for centuries before the beats were heard of. Their present high priest, Jens August Schade, has been beat for more than half a century, subsisting on his genius for violently erotic verse and prose, enjoying other things than coffee, and living like the lilies of the field in other respects, though in humble basement joints mostly. Thus old and young meet in a common cult, though the young in this case are vastly more respectable than the old.

ELSA GRESS

Copenhagen, Denmark

Sirs:

If there was ever a group of poets known collectively as the "Beats", that group is no longer around. Ginsberg, Corso, Orlovsky, and other young poets are still very much alive, but the "Beats" is a dead issue. Obviously, anyone interested in poetry is going to consider the work of individual poets, though many poets today may appear to have something in common — say something like contemporaneity. Upon examination, bearded men will be found to have more in common than their beards.

To cite one sign of the times, if the number of people interested in poetry today is any kind of indication, something great and important is about to happen in American poetry. Though it is foolish to designate any poet or "group" of poets as the direct cause of the widespread interest revealed in poetry readings in Oklahoma City and in the publication of so many little magazines, the so-called "Beats" have played an important part in the return of poetry.

Interest in the Beat Movement is waning. The appeal of poetry is increasing.

GEORGE ECONOMOU

Wagner College

S. I., N. Y.

Sirs:

In the best of the beat poets I find a certain vision and music that is at the center of the contemporary vision. It takes great genius to detect the music and the beauty in the world even though the world has fallen in the mesh of mercantile and evil intelligences. It is the beat poets' flaw that they often have no eyes for the beautiful and no genius to raise themselves beyond the quotidian muck. But I must say I think they are the better poets when they must stand with the tight and testy lads of my gentler surround. The beat poets have a mark of the seer on them, even if they deny the seer in the long run for petulant ugliness. But the answer is in the world always present to the sweet emblems of the Incarnation.

NED O'GORMAN

Leopoldville, Congo

Sirs:

In their feverish impulse toward novelty, the Beat poets reflect, better than their betters, the utter fragmentation of values in our modern world. They mirror the intellectual skepticism of our time (which affects all of us, in different degrees), its private epicureanism (which is our beggarly consolation in the midst of despair), and its exhibitionist humanitarianism (which is but epicureanism writ large, self-love universalized). And, of course, as mirrors of their time, the Beats perform a very traditional literary function, whether they are willing to do so or not.

But they are such tiny mirrors, and so dirty, and so cracked, and so constantly in need of resilvering to keep them from becoming transparent that, on second look, they seem not to reflect but to add

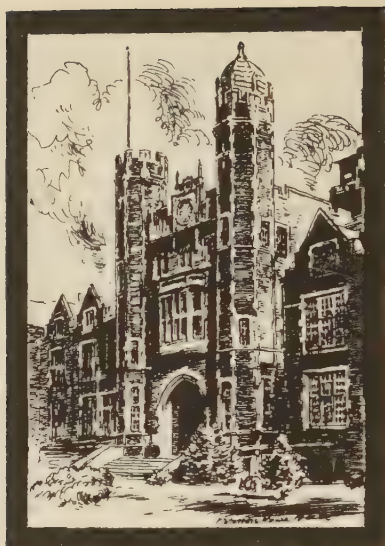
to the fragmentation of the age. And, as pieces of reality they are second-rate, indeed. The drunks tottering along still-respectable streets, the precocious youngsters scrawling obscenities and insults on subway posters, the girls walking the noonday streets in tight sweaters and toreador pants are the more genuine article. The Beat poets have chosen to be a part of what they mirror, which is even worse than choosing to mirror it. Real poets don't choose; they are chosen.

I recognize in the Beats a Dionysian abandonment, but look in vain for brooding Silenus. All I see is a group of fretful children hiding behind the mask of Narcissus.

ANNE PAOLUCCI

Department of English

The City College of New York



# THE SIXTH ANNUAL NEW YORK CITY WRITERS CONFERENCE AT WAGNER COLLEGE, STATEN ISLAND NEW YORK, JULY, 1961

Among the distinguished writers and editors who have participated in past conferences are Marianne Moore • Horace Gregory • Waldo Frank • James Baldwin • Virgil Markham • Stanley Kunitz • Len Lye • William Carlos Williams • Gorham Munson • A. M. Sullivan • H. R. Hays • Sidney Alexander • Marya Zaturenska • Hallie Burnett • Charles Angoff • Writers attending the conference may have their work considered for the WAGNER LITERARY MAGAZINE. For information address the Administrative Secretary of the New York City Writers Conference, Wagner College, Staten Island 1, New York City.





THE GRYPHON FILM GROUP — AMERICA'S LEADING EXPERIMENTAL FILM-MAKERS: WILLARD MAAS/CHARLES BOULTENHOUSE/STAN BRAKHAGE/BEN MOORE/MARIE MENKEN — "The Gryphons are the only organized film group in the United States to have achieved and maintained an identity. That's something great!" — Parker Tyler: Film Critic: Author of "Three Faces of the Film." These classic avant-garde films may be rented from Cinema 16, 175 Lexington Avenue, New York City: GEOGRAPHY OF THE BODY/Maas, HAND-WRITTEN/Charles Boultenhouse, NARCISSUS/Maas and Moore, VISUAL VARIATIONS ON NOGUCHI/Menken, DESIST FILM/Stan Brakhage.

# A NEW FOLDER

AMERICANS: POEMS AND DRAWINGS

Edited by DAISY ALDAN

with a foreword by WALLACE FOWLIE

and photographs of contributors

*John Ashbery • Jackson Pollock • Kenneth Koch  
Franz Kline • Larry Rivers • Joan Mitchell • Daisy  
Aldan • Dorothy Heller • Frank O'Hara • Willem  
de Kooning • Elliott Stein • Fritz Bultman  
Kenward Elmslie • Jane Freilicher • Edward  
Field • Michael Goldberg • Gregory Corso • Felix  
Pasilis • Allen Ginsberg • Kenneth Callahan  
LeRoi Jones • Robert Motherwell • Jack  
Kerouac • Philip Guston • Philip Whalen • Zev  
Michael McClure • Hultberg • Richard Bannet  
Esther Finfer • James Merrill • Anais Nin  
Emilie Glen • Sylvia Spencer • Harold Nore  
Gerrit Lansing • Barbara Guest • Earl Kerkam  
Lucia Dlugoszewski • Grace Hartigan • Harriet  
Zinnes • Theodore Stamos • Ben Moore • Larry  
Rivers • Charles Boultenhouse • Eleanore Dubin-  
baum • Eve Triem • Helen Frankenthaler • Storm  
De Hirsch • Karl Knaths • Madeline Gleason • Joe  
Stefanelli • James Broughton • Adja Yunkers  
Denise Levertov • Lee Mullican • Larry Eigner  
Friedrick Kiesler • Paul Blackburn • Joseph  
Glasco • John Barkley Hart • Robert DeNiro  
Eugene Walter • Harold Tovish • Richard Eber-  
hart • Charles Henry Ford • Arthur Gregor  
Martha Edelheit • Jean Garrigue • Leon Hecht  
Pauline Hanson • Willard Maas • Charles Olson  
Robert Creeley • Joy Gould • Mary Caroline  
Richards • Ruth Lanshoff Yorck*

\$1.75

ORDER YOUR COPY FROM:

FOLDER EDITIONS, 325 E. 57th ST., N.Y.C. 22

or

PAPERBOOK GALLERY, 90 W. THIRD ST., N.Y.C.

# The Pierson Press

*235 East 81st Street, New York 28, RH 4-8224*

*Printing with  
The Creative  
Spark*

# DIAMONDS AND FINE JEWELRY—

---

*By J. J. Stewart  
565 Main Avenue  
Passaic, N. J.  
PRescott 7-3036*

**trobar** *a magazine  
of new American poetry ■ Paul Blackburn ■ Robert  
Greeley ■ Robert Duncan ■ Edward Dorn ■ Jerome  
Rothenburg ■ Gary Snyder ■ edited by George  
Economou ■ Robert Kelly ■ Three times a year ■ 50¢*

40 YEARS WITH G. B. M.

LAWRENCE  
STEIN  
JOYCE  
FAULKNER  
CUMMINGS  
JAMES  
ELIOT

ALL THE WRITERS WHO  
MADE OUR MODERN  
WORLD ARE HERE  
IN BOOKS AND IN  
"LITTLE MAGAZINES"

GOTHAM  
BOOK  
MART

41 W. 47, N. Y. 36



Jean Cunningham  
Graphic Design  
27 Fifth Street  
East Norwalk,  
Connecticut

## THE COLLEGE BOOKSTORE

TEXT BOOKS  
POCKET BOOKS  
PINS  
CARDS  
STATIONERY  
GIFTS

Come in and browse in our new  
quarters, Florence Grouzdlis, Mgr.

Birth Press  
announces  
the birth of



# Birth #3

a stimulants issue—  
Two Volumes—\$2.00

---

and appearing soon—

---

SWING  
Wrangls by children  
a new quarterly—\$2.00 a year

---

YEAH  
a satyrical excursion

---

Tuli Kupferberg, Editor  
Birth Press  
222 East 21st Street  
New York 10, New York

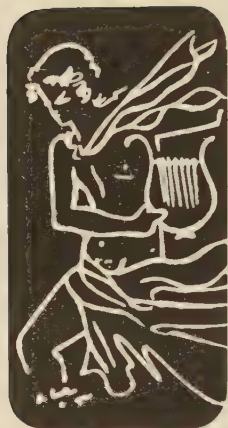


THE PAN-HELLENIC COUNCIL

ALPHA DELTA PHI  
ALPHA OMICRON PHI  
DELTA ZETA  
ZETA TAU ALPHA

---

DELTA NU



THE LIVING THEATRE REPERTORY  
1960 - 61 Season

---

Current Repertory

**THE CONNECTION** BY JACK GELBER

---

**WOMEN OF TRACHIS**

BY SOPHOKLES, A VERSION BY EZRA POUND

**THE MARRYING MAIDEN**

BY JACKSON MACLOW

---

**IN THE JUNGLE OF CITIES**

BY BERTOLT BRECHT      opening December 1960

---

**THE APPLE** BY JACK GELBER

opening February 1961

---

Special student discount memberships. Write for membership brochure.

THE LIVING THEATRE — 530 Sixth Avenue — CH 3-4569

THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION  
IS A PATRON OF  
THE WAGNER LITERARY MAGAZINE











\$1.00 / No. 3

INTERVIEWS WITH EDWARD ALBEE  
AND ERICK HAWKINS / A  
WORLD OF WHIFFLES: THE NOVELS  
OF CARL VAN VECHTEN by John  
Schneider / A LITTLE ANTHOLOGY  
OF WAGNER POETS with Commentary  
by Anne Paolucci / THREE WOMEN  
POETS: DAISY ALDAN, DENISE  
LEVERTOV, MARY CAROLINE  
RICHARDS by Gerard Malanga / A FIRST  
TRANSLATION OF VON KLEIST:  
ON THE MARIONETTE THEATRE  
by Bert Koetter / PAUL ELUARD:  
POET IN THE WORLD OF PAINTERS  
by Anne Fessenden /  
HOMAGE TO MAYA DEREN /  
Poetry Chronicle: 1961 /  
THE BATTLE OF WOMEN: Comment  
on Correspondence by Angelica Farfalla

# WAGNER LITERARY MAGAZINE



